

The Sketch

No. 818.—Vol. LXIII.

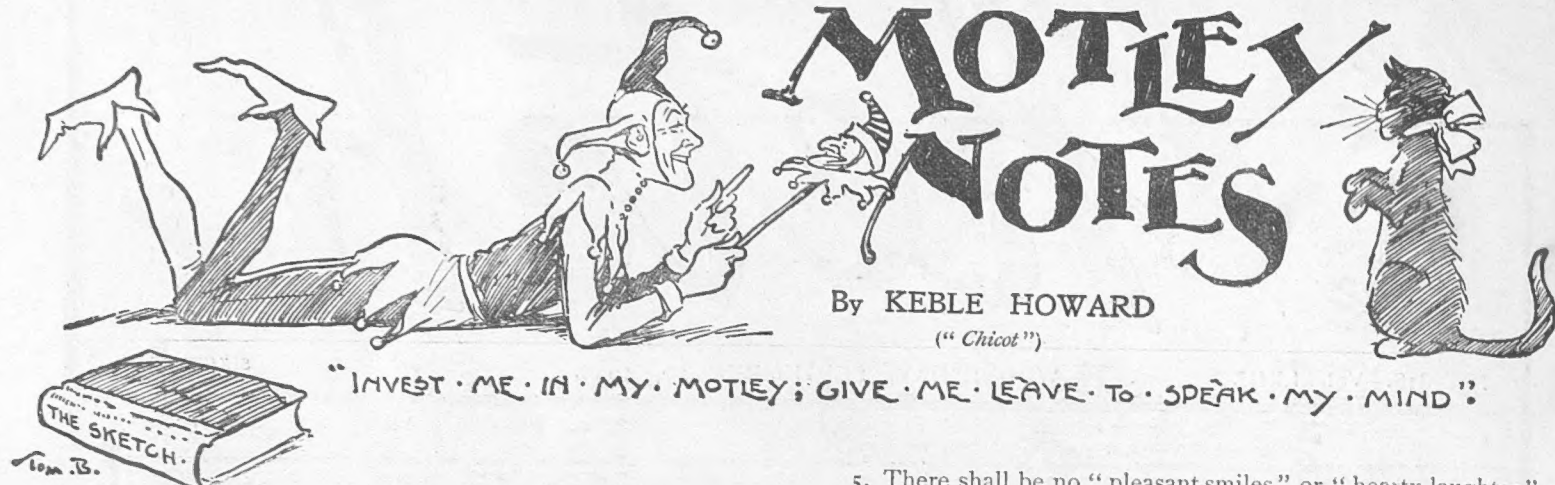
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



POUDRÉE AND UNPERTURBED: MISS EVA MOORE, WHO IS PLAYING DOROTHY GORE
IN "THE MARRIAGES OF MAYFAIR."

In this photograph Miss Moore is not shown in the character of Dorothy Gore, the part she plays in Drury Lane's new drama. In "The Marriages of Mayfair" she is neither poudrée nor unperturbed, for she is the very modern heroine of a very modern drama.—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]



THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

*Lies she there so still and pale :
Fold her hands, close up her eyes,
She has told her little tale.*

*All your tears will not avail,
Weeping field-flowers, nor your sighs :
Lies she there so still and pale.*

*Loving, laughing, wayward, frail,
Friend to foolish and to wise—
She has told her little tale.*

*Shroud her form in misty veil.
Hush! She cannot hear your cries,
Lies she there so still and pale.*

*Bear her, fairies, down the dale :
Sing your softest lullabies.
She has told her little tale,*

*Hear the dirge in Autumn's gale !
Thus he moans when Summer dies !
Lies she there so still and pale :
She has told her little tale.*

The Very Latest Club.

And so to Roman letters and the daily round. There is some talk, I see, of establishing a club for optimists. I shall not join it myself. There is no object in life quite so ghastly as the man who has made up his mind to be cheery at all costs. Persistent optimism, come what may, is affectation, and the affected man is ten times as detestable as the affected woman. On the other hand, if somebody would start a club for pessimists, I should rush to enroll myself as an original member. One of the most stimulating and amusing men I know is a confirmed pessimist. His pessimism is not affectation. He has trained himself to look on the black side of everything, and the result is pure joy for the hearer. He is happily married, he has a charming daughter, he is successful, he passes his life amid the most pleasant surroundings, his health is good, and yet so supple-minded is he that he never meets you without a grumble on his lips. A club of such would be an amazingly cheerful place. Let me, without more ado, suggest a few rules—

The Pessimists' Club.

RULES.

1. That this club shall be called "The Pessimists' Club." (For the convenience of members, a list of miserable adjectives can be obtained on application to the Hall Porter.)
2. The club shall be formed for the association of gentlemen who have acquired the habit of making the very worst of everything.
3. Candidates must be able to satisfy the Qualification Committee that they have never been heard, within the five years immediately previous to their candidature, to make use of the following expressions: "Cheer, O!" "Good morning," "Good afternoon," "Good-night," "Good-day," "Good-bye," "Good luck!" "Bless you!" "Buck up!" Or the following proverbs: "Every cloud has a silver lining," "The day is darkest before dawn," "You never know what you can do till you try."
4. Any member using such expression or proverb on the club premises will be fined fifty pounds and suspended for six months. A repetition of the offence will be met with instant expulsion.

5. There shall be no "pleasant smiles" or "hearty laughter" on the club premises. For the convenience of those members who desire to grin through it, a horse-collar will be kept in the basement.

6. The food, wines, spirits, cigars, and cigarettes will naturally be of the best quality, but any member expressing approval of the same will be subject to a fine of ten pounds for the first offence, twenty pounds for the second offence, and so on. (If this Rule is found, as the Committee anticipate, to be superfluous, it will be expunged from the second edition of the list.)

7. Conversaciones shall be a prominent feature of the social life of the club. These shall be held on Sunday evenings throughout the winter months. Members in possession of depressing ailments or misfortunes are cordially invited to dilate upon them. Arrangements have been made with an eminent firm of photographers to photograph the meetings by flashlight every few minutes.

8. For the convenience of members travelling abroad, a list of the most thoroughly English hotels shall be obtainable on application to the Hall Porter.

9. Single men will not be eligible for election to the club. In the event of any member becoming a widower, he will be expected to marry again within six months or resign his membership.

10. The wives of members will be permitted to search the club premises on presenting a card to the Hall Porter.

The Dowdy Craze.

A writer in a ladies' paper observes that "men have left off wearing picturesque and lovely clothes." This is true; there is a positive passion for dowdiness among the fashionable loungers of Pall Mall and Piccadilly. I met a man the other day who, a year or two ago, was regarded as the model of smartness. So quiet was his attire that I could scarcely believe him to be the same man. He was wearing a green suit, drawn in tightly at the waist, and a pink shirt. There were certainly not more than five primary colours in his waistcoat. The "uppers" of his boots were merely blue and yellow, and the buttons were the quietest possible pearl. His lemon-coloured gloves were relieved only with diamond rings. His tie was just the ordinary cerise, saffron, and magenta, and his cane was innocent of ornament save for a golden snake studded with agates. Naturally, he passed along Piccadilly almost unnoticed. For the sake of our national reputation for virility, it is to be hoped that this dullness in male dress is no more than the fad of a moment. I call upon the Men's Decorative Dress League to spare no effort in the cause of reform. With rumours of war in the air, it is high time that the more enterprising among us insisted on the introduction of pale-blue knickers and pink coats for evening dress.

Too Old at Seventy.

Most of the daily papers had pen-pictures last week of the applicants for the old-age pension. Some of these were moving in the extreme. "The little old lady of seventy-two," wrote one sympathetic observer, "obtained her form, pulled her threadbare jacket around her, and walked out with a semblance of briskness—a poor emaciated figure whose life's work was obviously finished." It is heartrending indeed to think that this girl of seventy-two has already done with work. Somebody should take her in hand and persuade her to have another go at it. Depend upon it, she only needs kindly encouragement to make her drive the mangle with redoubled vigour.

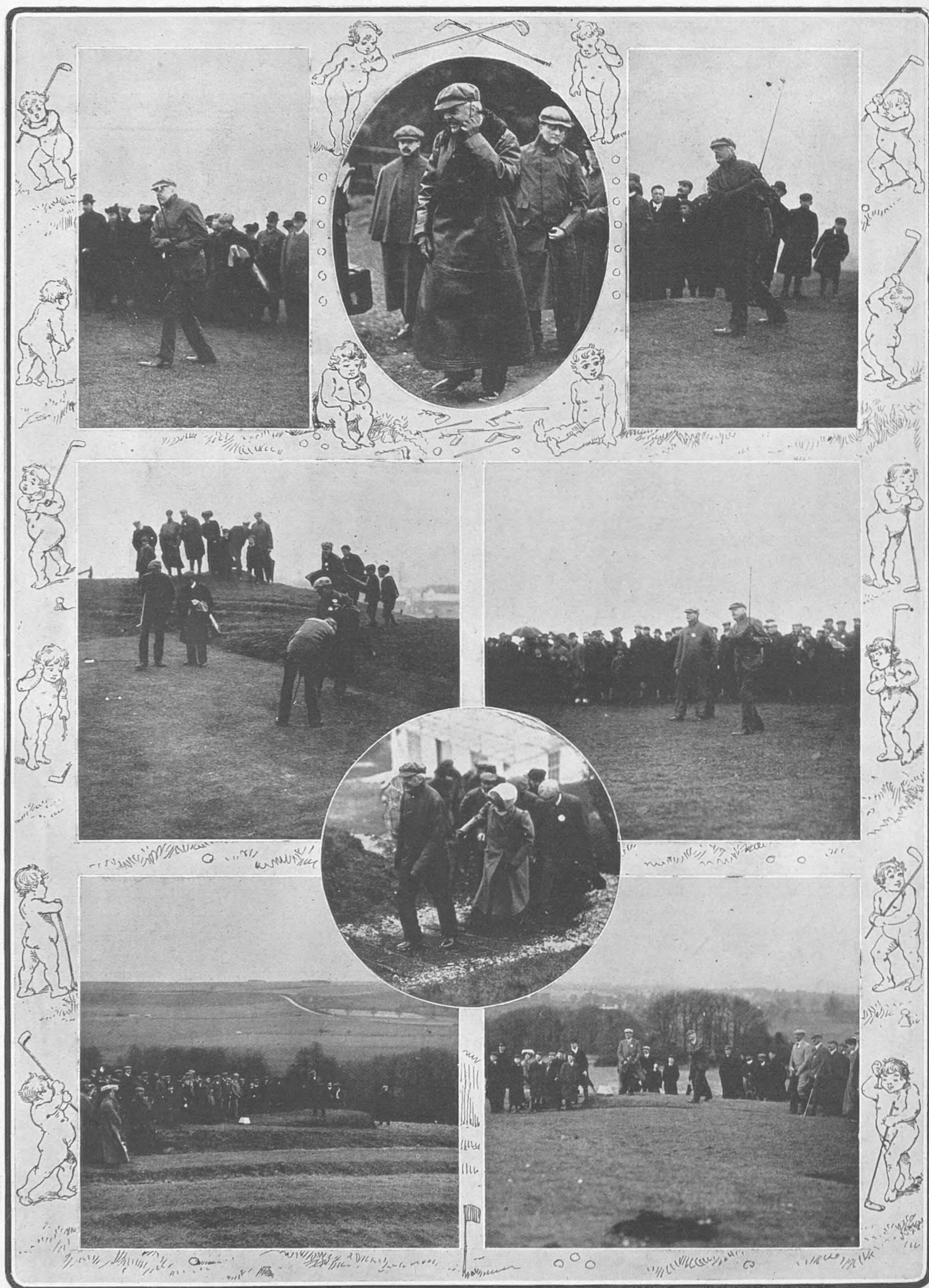
RUDE BOREAS!



WHAT WE LOOK LIKE IN STORMY WEATHER: THE DIRECTOIRE FIT GIVEN BY THE WIND.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

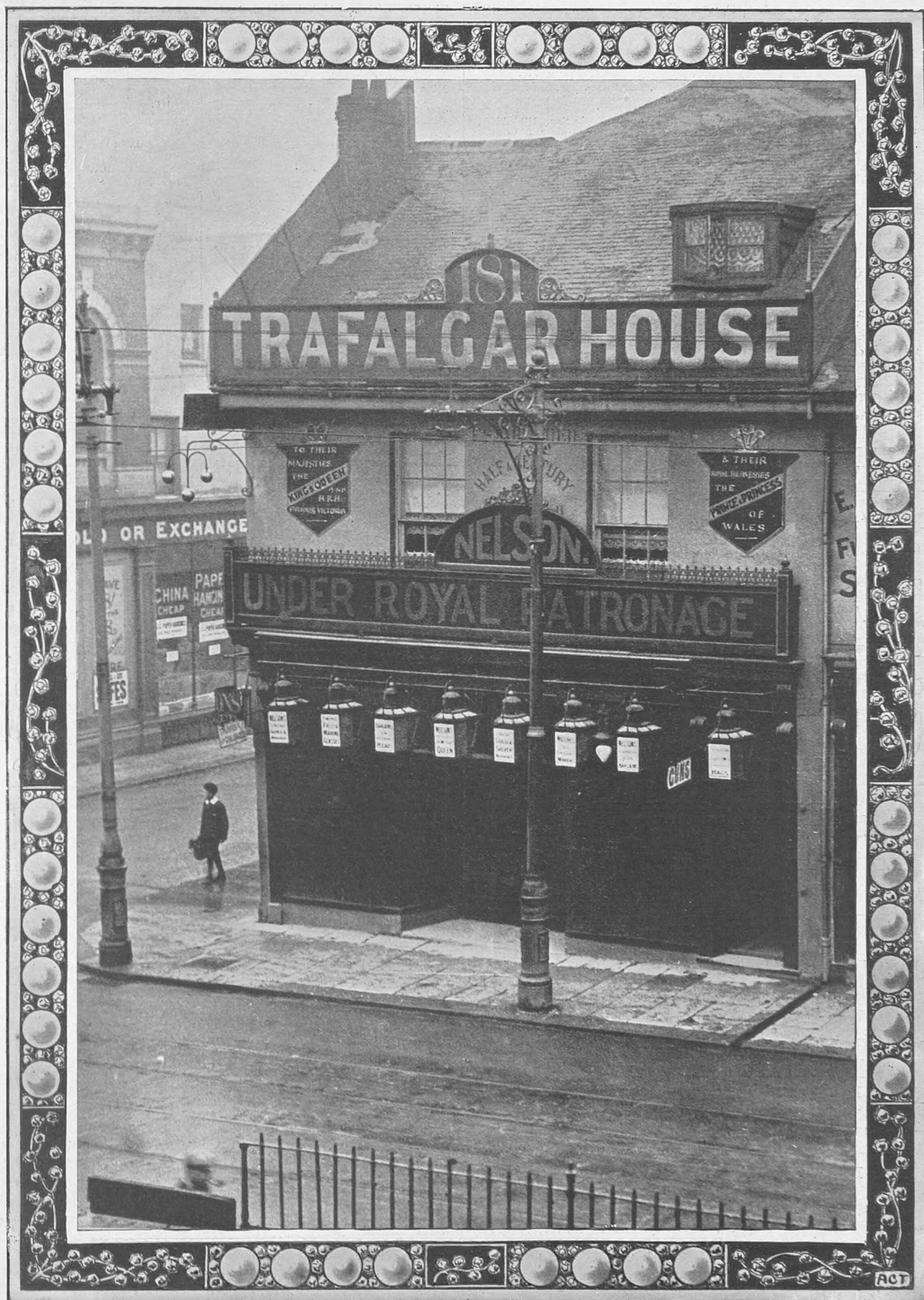
HIS MAJESTY'S OPPOSITION ON HOLIDAY: ITS LEADER AT PLAY.



MR. A. J. BALFOUR INDULGING IN HIS FAVOURITE HOLIDAY SPORT, GOLF.

Mr. Balfour is one of the keenest of golfers, and is of the opinion that every man and woman who could golf and does not, saying that the game is reserved for later life, makes a profound mistake. The leader of his Majesty's Opposition has just concluded his annual September golfing holiday at North Berwick, and has now gone to St. Andrew's to have some play on the famous links there.

NELSON AS "UNCLE" TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.



THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP THAT HAS BEEN PATRONISED BY THE KING AND QUEEN,
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, AND PRINCESS VICTORIA.

The shop is in Union Street, Plymouth, and is kept by Messrs. Nelson and Co. During his last visit to Plymouth, the King asked that certain antiques might be sent from the establishment for his inspection, and these were seen also by the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princess Victoria. Hence the signs that now appear on the front of the building.—[Photograph by the Topical Press.]

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The Fear of Life. Gerald Maxwell. 6s.
The Story of Esther. Maud Oxenden. 6s.

CASSELL.
The Ghost Kings. H. Rider Haggard. 6s.
Life's Contrasts. John Foster Fraser.
6s. net.
The Holly Tree Inn and Christmas Tree.
Charles Dickens. Illustrated by George A.
Williams. 6s. net.

JOHN MURRAY.
Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherley.
L. Allen Harker. 6s.
The Children of the Hill. Marmaduke
Pickthall. 6s.

HUTCHINSON.
Colonel Stow. H. C. Bailey. 6s.
The Record of a Regiment of the Line.
Colonel M. Jackson. 6s. net.

JOHN LONG.
Whirlwind's Year. Nat Gould. 2s.
CHATTO AND WINDUS.

The Age of Shakespeare. A. C. Swinburne
6s. net.
Junia. Jessie Leckie Herbertson. 6s.

EVELEIGH NASH.
Disciples of Plato. F. C. Phillips and Perc
Fendall. 6s.
The Wife of Lafayette. M. MacDermot
Crawford. 15s. net.

HENRY J. DRANE.
Nutopia. Edward Owen. 6s.
That Indomitable Old Lady. Stephen
Springall. 6s.

After the Confession. Adolphe Danziger.
Life's Lessons. Morris Hawksley. 7s.
The Lady Erpingham. John March. 6s.
The Parson's Paradise. By the author of
"A Summer Noddy." 7s. net.

The Trail of the Jesuit. Clunie Maxton. 6s.
MACMILLAN.
The Sunny Side of the Hill. Rosa N.
Carey. 6s.

METHUEN.
The Heart Smiter. Mary E. Mann. 6s.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL
Le Guide du Gourmet à Table. By a
Practical "Maitre d'Hôtel." 5s. net.

SEELEY.
The Romance of Bird Life. John Lea. 5s.
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16s. net.

Adventures Among the Wild Beasts.
H. W. G. Hyrst. 5s.
Peter Paul Rubens. R. A. M. Stevenson.
2s. net.

Scientific Ideas of To-Day. Charles K.
Gibson. 5s. net.

Romance of Modern Geology. Edwin S.
Grew. 5s.

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Gilliat, M.A. 5s.

The Children's Æneid. Professor A. J.
Church. 5s.

JOHN MILNE.
Disinherited. Stella M. Düring. 6s.

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The Governors. E. Phillips Oppenheim
6s.

STANLEY PAUL.
Gay Lawless. Helen Mathers. 6s.

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Clerihew, B.A. Illustrated by G. K.
Chesterton. 2s. 6d. net.

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The Russian Fairy-Book. Nathan Hakell
Dole. 3s. 6d. net.

The Boys' Book of Steamships. J. R.
Howden. 6s.

JOHN LANE.
The Londons of the British Fleet. Edward
Fraser. 6s.

HODDER AND STOUGHTON.
British Country Side. Edited by Edward
Thomas. 8s. 6d. net.

Ghosts of Society. Anthony Partridge. 6s.
69, Birnham Road. W. Pett Ridge. 6s.

T. FISHER UNWIN.
The Woman and the Sword. Rupert
Lorraine. 6s.

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TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on
its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be
fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to
three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and
jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are
requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published,
(b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published
photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect.
The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of
each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—
are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider
Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary
rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred
to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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A HINT TO POCKETLESS WOMAN:

WHY WEAR USELESS EARRINGS?



THE EAR AS GOODS-CARRIER: BLACKS WHO ARE FORBIDDEN POCKETS USING THE LOBES OF THEIR EARS INSTEAD.

The natives who are employed in diamond mines are not allowed pockets in their clothing, for reasons that are obvious. So it has come about that they pierce their ears, and, instead of wearing earrings, carry various things in the lobes of their ears. In the first of our photographs, for instance, the native has a cigar through the lobe of his ear; in the second case, the native has a tooth-brush in the same position. Why should not pocketless women adopt some similar plan, and wear, in place of the ordinary long pendant-earring, a chatelaine earring of the type suggested in our border?—[Photographs by Berliner Illustrations-Gesellschaft.]

SMALL TALK



MISS DAGNY
HANSEN, WHOSE
WEDDING TO MR. MALCOLM
STERLING MACKINLAY TAKES
PLACE THIS WEEK.

MUSICIANS all over the world will wish the best of good luck this week to Mr. Malcolm Sterling MacKinlay, whose marriage to a lovely Norwegian girl, Miss Dagny Hansen, takes place in St. Andrew's Church, Stoke-in-Teignhead. Mr. Sterling MacKinlay is the eldest son of the late Mme. Antoinette

"Mrs. Winston's" The huge old square which has been for so long the Westminster boys' cricket-field will be en fête on Oct. 20, for there, in the Horticultural Hall, will take place, in aid of the Browning Settlement, a three days' bazaar. The opening ceremony will be performed by Mrs. Winston



MR. MALCOLM
STERLING
MACKINLAY,
WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS DAGNY
HANSEN TAKES PLACE THIS WEEK.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

Sterling; he was born at the height of her fame, and his godfather was Lord Mount-Temple, most generous of art patrons and music-lovers. Both Mr. John MacKinlay and his gifted wife believed in education, and their clever son was early sent to Eton, where he did very well, and then on to Trinity, Oxford. But music, like murder, will out. The son of Antoinette Sterling had inherited his mother's musical genius, and since he made his début as a singer, eight years ago, he has never looked back. Mr. Sterling MacKinlay, in the intervals of his arduous professional life, has found time to write more than one book, and to keep up his prowess in rowing and tennis.

An Important New Engagement. Marriages between members of the great aristocracy and the highest financial caste are becoming very usual. An interesting example of such an alliance is exemplified in the engagement of Lady Helen Grimston, one of Lord and Lady Verulam's lovely daughters, to Mr. Felix Cassel, the nephew of Sir Ernest Cassel. The Grimston family is one of the most ancient in the three kingdoms, and Lord Verulam is one of the very few



Churchill, who will thus make her first public appearance since her marriage. The fact that the happy couple have had a large house lent them in Carlton Gardens seems to point to "Mrs. Winston" taking her place during the autumn session among the prominent political hostesses. Mr. Churchill's mother, in the days when she was Lady Randolph Churchill, gave dinner-parties that were celebrated for their distinction and for their political influence. Doubtless, her lovely daughter-in-law hopes in this to follow her example.

His Father's Son.

It will be very interesting to have the address of Sir John Broadbent to-morrow, when he presides over the inaugural meeting of the St. Mary's Hospital Medical School winter session. We are so accustomed to think of Sir William Broadbent that it is still strange to have to say "Sir John." A year has passed since he succeeded the first baronet, the man who saved the King's life when typhoid brought him to so grave a crisis. Like father like son. Sir John follows where his illustrious sire led. Oxford and Paris prepared

THE WEDDING OF A POPULAR AUSTRALIAN SINGER, MRS. CECIL DUKE (FORMERLY MISS VIOLET ELLIOTT), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Australians mustered in force at the marriage last Thursday of Miss Violet Elliott, one of the many fair singers whom Melbourne has sent home to delight the music-lovers of the Old Country. The furore created at the time of Miss Elliott's début in London is remembered by those interested in voice-production. Last Thursday's bridegroom is Mr. Cecil Hare Duke, of the Royal Garrison Artillery, second son of the late Canon J. Hare Duke.—*(Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.)*

peers who enjoy titles in all three peerages. Lady Helen inherits her beauty from her mother, who was one of the Grahams of Netherby. Like so many modern girls, Mr. Felix Cassel's fiancée is clever as well as lovely. She holds the dairy certificate of the Essex County Council, and is very fond of country life. Mr. Felix Cassel is popular in the great world; he is a great deal with his uncle, who has but one child of his own, and that a daughter.

him for his work, which began in the very hospital whose students will to-morrow night hang upon his words. The son of a great physician, he married the daughter of a doctor. His second heir, his brother, is a doctor. "To excel always," is the family motto, and the members of the house certainly do live up to it. Sir William Broadbent's work lives after him, and will not die while the second baronet survives.



MR. MUSGRAVE ROBERT HALL, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS DOROTHY MAUD FERGUSSON. Mr. Hall was in the Queen's Bays, and is the owner of Foxcote Manor, a charming place in Bucks.

Photograph by Thomson.



MISS DOROTHY MAUD FERGUSSON, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. MUSGRAVE ROBERT HALL. Miss Fergusson is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fergusson. The wedding is to take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.—*(Photograph by Lafayette.)*

♣ ♣ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ♣ ♣



1. WINNOWING IN KULU: A REMARKABLY PRIMITIVE METHOD IN USE IN THE BRITISH INDIAN VALLEY.
2. A PICTURE-GALLERY IN A CHURCH: IN THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, HYDE PARK PLACE.
3. A CHURCH IN WHICH NO SERVICES ARE HELD: THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, HYDE PARK PLACE, WHICH IS RESERVED FOR REST AND MEDITATION ONLY.
4. GIVING "SACCHARINE" OR "GINGER" BY PHONOGRAPH: MR. WILLIAM J. BRYAN IN WAX AND HIS SPEECHES ON WAX.
5. GIVING "SACCHARINE" OR "GINGER": BY PHONOGRAPH: MR. WILLIAM H. TAFT IN WAX AND HIS SPEECHES ON WAX.

The Church of the Ascension is a red-brick building, built by Mrs. Russell Gurney, which stands in Hyde Park Place. It is used for rest and meditation only, and no services are held in it. On Sundays it is closed. Hanging on the walls of the church are many paintings by Frederick Shields. The object of the building is set forth on either side of the entrance as follows: "Passengers through the busy streets of London, enter this sanctuary for rest and silence and prayer. Let the pictured walls within speak of the past yet ever-continuing ways of God with man."—The campaign for the forthcoming Presidential election is waxing fast and furious in America, and "waxing" is, perhaps, a particularly appropriate word, for amongst the campaigning methods adopted by supporters of the rival candidates are wax figures of Messrs. Taft and Bryan, which are used to draw attention to phonographs which give forth, on payment of a cent, Bryan on Taft, or Taft on Bryan.

Photographs by Advance Photo. Agency, and Illustrations Bureau.



TO MARRY MR. QUENTIN DICK:
MISS LORNA PENN-CURZON.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

Scotland is enjoying an exceptional amount of royal favour just now. Not only is the King making his usual stay at Balmoral, but this week he has opened, with very special pomp and splendour, the Queen Victoria Memorial School for the sons of Scottish sailors and soldiers at Dunblane. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their younger children are also on

Deeside; and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been paying some farewell visits to Scottish friends before their departure for Malta, which takes place in a few days. The presence of the Court in Scotland naturally stimulates trade north of the Tweed; and it may be doubted if the Highlands ever had a more brilliant autumn, the Northern Meeting having enjoyed a record attendance.

A Notable October Wedding.

An October bridal which is exciting much the same interest as did the marriage of the late Lord Alington and Miss Evie Leigh in

Lady Waleran—

Lady Waleran is still best remembered by her old name of Lady Walrond, and both in the Walrond historic home, Bradfield, Devonshire, and at San Remo, where for many years she was the principal British hostess, she enjoys exceptional popularity. By birth Lady Waleran belongs to the West Country, her father having been the late Mr. James Pitman, and though delicate health has obliged her to live much abroad, she is devoted to her lovely old Devonshire home, which is distinguished by the finest great hall in that part of England. Lady Waleran was fond of gardening before horticulture became the hobby it now is with our great ladies, and the gardens at Bradfield are widely famed.

—And Her Daughter-in-Law.

Lord and Lady Waleran found a daughter-in-law after their own heart in Miss Lottie Coats, whose marriage to their only son took place four years ago. Mrs.

FAMOUS HOSTESS IN ENGLAND AND
ABROAD: LADY WALERAN.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



THE MAN WHO BELIEVES IN A SYSTEM: LORD ROSSLYN, ONE OF THE PLAYERS IN THE GREAT ROULETTE CONTEST.

Lord Rosslyn pins his faith to a system which he believes will break any bank, and to prove this system right or wrong he agreed to engage in the roulette contest with Sir Hiram Maxim which has been so much discussed.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

the far-off 'nineties will take place on October 27. The bridegroom, Mr. Quentin Dick, has long been one of the most popular of Society's bachelors, and having come into more than one great fortune, he is among the magnificent hosts of the great world. In London he entertains in Grosvenor Crescent, and his four-in-hand is perhaps the best turned out of all those seen at the coaching meets. Each autumn sees him surrounded by sportsmen as keen as himself at some historic sporting estate—one year at Houghton Hall, the next, maybe, at Walcot. His bride-elect is one of the prettiest of this year's debutantes, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Penn-Curzon.



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF LADY WALERAN: THE HON. MRS. LIONEL WALROND.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



THE MAN WHO BELIEVES IN THE BANK: SIR HIRAM MAXIM, THE SECOND OF THE PLAYERS IN THE GREAT ROULETTE CONTEST.

Sir Hiram believes that the bank always wins, as surely as Lord Rosslyn believes that he can break a bank. In the roulette contest already referred to under the portrait of Lord Rosslyn it was arranged that money should not be used, special counters taking its place.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Lionel Walrond is, of course, the daughter of the great cotton magnate, and she has inherited her mother's genius for entertaining, as well as Mrs. George Coats's love for and understanding of music. Few of the younger matrons in Society, even among future peeresses, have a more splendid jewel-casket than Mrs. Walrond. Her own father's wedding gift was a diamond tiara, containing unique specimen stones, and she is often seen wearing the huge diamond heart which was one of her husband's many presents on the occasion of her marriage.

IF DOG - TIRED OF DOG, TRY DEER.



A DEER THAT FOLLOWS LIKE A DOG: MME. C— AND THE HIND THAT WENT EVERYWHERE SHE WENT
AT TROUVILLE.

Mme. C— caused quite a sensation at Trouville by being followed on her walks by a pet deer, which answered to her call as readily as would a dog, and was not at all afraid of a crowd.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E.F.S. (Monocle).

"THE MARRIAGES OF MAYFAIR."

ON the first night "The Marriages of Mayfair" played about an hour too long, but something has probably been done by this time to remedy the defect. One felt a little more strongly than is usual how entirely some of the conversations going on between several of the characters were due to the necessity for giving the scene-shifters and engineers time in which to do their work. When these gentlemen quicken a little, it will follow that less dialogue will be required, and it can hardly be denied that some of it deserves the blue pencil.

There are two big sensations which Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton have to deal with. In the first place, Mr. McCleery has painted some very effective representations of various parts of the Tower of London. The Crown jewels, too, look well when lighted up. Crown jewels obviously suggest theft: to a chronicler of the past year, what else could they suggest? Such a theft could most easily be effected by somebody on the premises who could take impressions of the keys. That somebody must be a person above suspicion—say, the son of the Governor. Thus came the idea of the Governor's son who has forged a name to a bill in order to raise money for purchase of a bracelet demanded by a greedy lady of the halls, and must do something very desperate indeed to prevent the forgery from being discovered. It would have been more exciting if his intention had been to steal the Crown itself for the lady to wear, and more romantic; but the authors, though probably they thought of that, felt it would be a little too strong for even their patrons. The young man was content to steal one large diamond, and the bullets of the guard brought him to a sad end in the second act.

Thus, everything was done that Mr. McCleery required. Next came Mr. Brooke and the engineers, who had contrived a marvellous

chief villain, Jim Callender, who had secured the large diamond and survived. He having a bad cold, and desiring to travel from Switzerland to India, went by the pass, presumably because trains going through tunnels cause a draught. The hero wanted to be in the pass at the same moment, in order to find the man who alone could prove the validity of his mother's marriage and so restore him to wealth and title. The heroine proceeded to the pass

because she had a vision of danger to the hero and she happened to be in the neighbourhood for her father's health. To bring all these people together there were also necessary one elderly lord on whom a marquise was thrust against his will, one scheming and vulgar little variety artist, one sour mother-in-law (with a tendency to drink), various other people of no importance, one scene in Rumpelmayer's Restaurant, and two views (exterior and interior) of a country mansion. The catastrophe in the pass led to a wedding on Tower Green of the noble hero and heroine. "The Marriages of Mayfair" was chosen as a title sufficiently comprehensive to describe the whole melodrama, which is as exciting and sensational and humorous and astounding as its successful predecessors.



THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF "THE WHIRLPOOL" IN LONDON: MRS. KENDAL AS CONSTANCE LIVINGSTONE AND MR. KENDAL AS ELIJAH TILLOTSON, AT THE MARLBOROUGH THEATRE.

Of course, a powerful company of actors and actresses has been engaged. There is Mr. Chevalier, with his sense of humour rather damped down, and much emphasis laid on his power of heavy sentiment. There is Mr. C. V.

France, somewhat thrown away on the part of an unimportant Duke; Miss Marie George, always lively, sometimes charming, but too often spoiling herself by an assumed vulgarity which sits ill upon her; Mr. Basil Gill as a handsome but quite unreal young hero; Miss Eva Moore, bravely and ably bearing up as a heroine with visions (after the manner of the Corsican Brothers); Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis as a dignified lady of title; and Mr. Lyn Harding as the villain, whose performance stands out as a brilliant piece



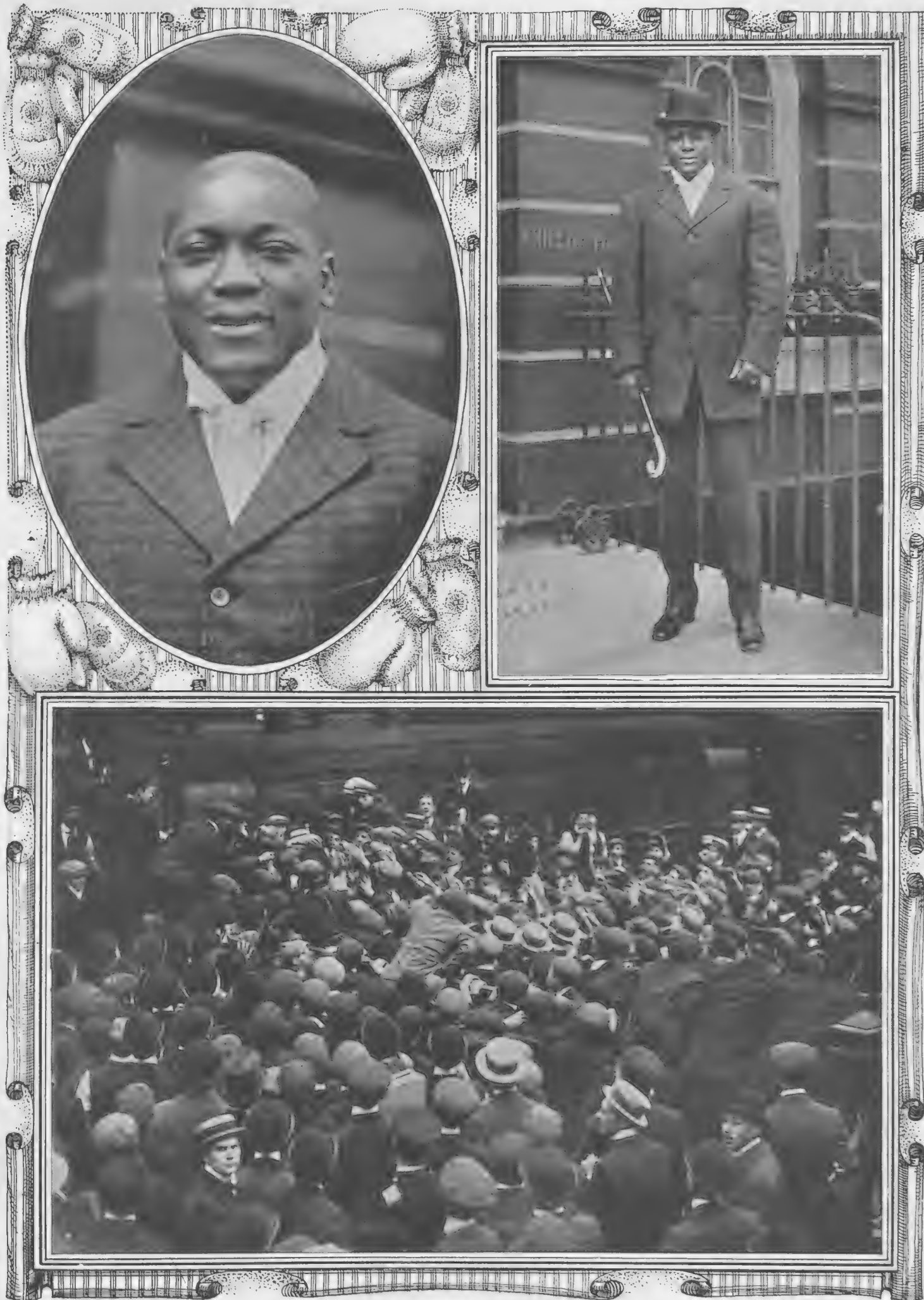
A COFFEE CORNER AS THE CENTRE OF A PLAY: A STRIKING SCENE FROM "THE WHIRLPOOL," JUST PRODUCED IN LONDON BY MR. AND MRS. KENDAL

Elijah Tillotson is in love with an American heiress, Constance Livingstone, but having little money, is abused by the lady's brother, who accuses him of being a fortune-hunter. Then Tillotson determines that he will not again seek the lady's hand until his fortune equals hers of ten million dollars. He calculates that he will be able to make this in two months, and endeavours to corner the coffee market. In the process he ruins Bertram Livingstone, and, through him, Constance Livingstone, without knowing that he has done so. Later he learns the truth, and himself decides to break the corner, that he may save the name and fortune of the woman he loves and her family. In the end, Constance discovers his resolve, and herself proposes that they shall marry.—[Photographs by Lamber.]

representation of a mountain pass, with precipice and snow so cunningly arranged that on pressure of the necessary button a piece of the precipice would slide down out of sight, carrying with it a horse and man. The Governor's son, being dead, was not available for this inconvenient descent, so it was allotted to the

of nervous character acting. But, after all, their work is relatively unimportant: the great thing is that the great sensational act had a tremendous success. It looks extremely dangerous; and presumably that is the aim and object of its being, so congratulations are due to everybody concerned.

WOULD YOU BE POPULAR? THEN BE A BOXER.



THE GREAT SEND-OFF GIVEN TO JACK JOHNSON, THE COLOURED BOXER WHO IS TO FIGHT TOMMY BURNS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

After much haggling a match has been arranged between Jack Johnson and Tommy Burns. This will be fought at Sydney early in December, and the men will divide a purse of £7000 between them, the winner, of course, taking the larger sum. Johnson had a remarkable send-off last week when he left Charing Cross. "By some mistake," said the "Evening News," "the time of his train's departure was announced as 1.20, whereas 2.20 was the proper hour. A vast crowd of sporting people assembled as early as 12.30, and when, a little later, Johnson appeared, he was surrounded by several hundreds of well-meaning but too demonstrative friends, all anxious to get a final word with the gigantic black. In and out of the station went Johnson, and in and out swayed the ever-increasing crowd, till at last the station superintendent suggested the departure platform itself as a place of refuge, and, after escorting Johnson there, had the barriers closed." Before his departure Johnson gave away five hundred autograph tickets. The owner of the one bearing the number of the rounds fought in the great contest will be entitled to a £5 note. The boxer was to have distributed them singly, but the crowd was so great that he threw them over his head, and they were scrambled for.—[Photographs supplied by Messrs. G. & P. Hutchinson, London.]



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Under which Sultan?

It must be a little exciting for those in Morocco who have not yet made up their minds as to which of the rival Sultans shall claim their allegiance. The gentle Moor does not really decide. The Powers do that, backing the winner. The fun of the thing is that, if too many of the people did not quite believe that our new friend Muley was really the rightful Sultan, and restored his predecessor, the Powers would have nothing to do but say "ditto." It all comes back to the position defined in "shorthand" Byrom's epigram—

God bless the King, I mean the
faith's defender;
God bless—no harm in blessing—the
Pretender.
Who that pretender is, and who is
king—
God bless us all—that's quite another
thing.

That might fitly be the National Anthem, for the time being, of distracted Morocco.

The Happy Hunting-Grounds.

The American and Canadian Governments have been counting heads, and they are able to tell us that the bison is, after all, not a back number. Over 1600 of these animals survive, and there is no reason, with the people of the great Continent in conserving mood, why the bison should not flourish as long under protection as our famous Chillingham cattle have. But, remember, Buffalo Bill has a school in Wyoming at which men are taught to ride and shoot and hunt. It is what he calls a post-graduate school in manhood, and the mandate of many such institutions is to rage round and kill. One can imagine Cody, blushing to hear that so many bison have outlived his active hunting-days. He must have thought that he had killed them all. When the great Red River hunts took place there would be as many as 3000 "men, women, and children" at the work of slaying, and they would secure a bag of 20,000 in a year. It needed only four or five Buffalo Bills to do the thing without further aid. Buffalo Bill at his best—some of us would say worst—accounted for 4862 bison in a season, sixty-nine in a single day. It cannot but be surprising to him that so many remain yet on the hoof.

Canine Logic.

As we have just been seeing, a dog can be too faithful: it can prevent human aid from reaching a dying man. Its virtues may become crimes; its crimes be represented as virtues. One of the puzzle dogs was that owned by Sir Robert Murdoch Smith. It was a fine dog, retriever by breed as well as character; but it did its work too well. It took to hunting on its own account. Sheep were its prey. It did not bring them home, but feasted where the hunt ended. Needless to say, its ill-fame soon rang through the country-side, and its owner, catching the dog in the act, laid on the whip for all he was worth. That very night the dog disappeared. He reappeared in the morning, wagging his tail, and looking as proud as two dogs. Outside, on his master's doorstep, he had deposited a dead lamb. The dog had reasoned out the cause of his lacing, and had come to the conclusion that it was for his not retrieving his quarry; so he had brought home a lamb to make his master an accessory after the fact. That dog deserved to live, and it did.



A CARLSBAD CURE BROUGHT TO LONDON: THE ELECTRICAL HOT-AIR APPARATUS FOR THE TREATMENT OF GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

Princess Hatzfeldt has presented to the London Hospital an installation of the electrical hot-air apparatus for the treatment of gouty and rheumatic ailments that is in use in the famous baths at Carlsbad. If necessary, the apparatus can be made to envelop the patient from neck to toes. The heating is by electricity, which gives a dry, penetrating heat that is much drier than the atmosphere of the Turkish bath.

Photograph by Hamilton and Co.

Another Roulette System.

One of many systems not reckoned in the philosophy of Lord Rosslyn or Sir Hiram Maxim is known to men who frequent Monte Carlo. You must have a couple of confederates, one the most innocent-looking of men, whose appearance rather suggests the John Bull from the country. The other does not so much matter. What he has to do is, first of all, not to be seen near the other. He goes to the table with a louis and a five-franc piece. He sees where the ball is about to stop, and, reaching hastily forward, pops on the two coins, the louis hidden beneath the five-franc piece. The croupier protests, and attempts to sweep away the money. The gambler apologises, says he is ignorant of language and customs, and so forth. In all probability the five-franc piece is knocked off, but the louis will remain. The croupier will ask whose it is. The innocent man on the far side of the table will mildly claim it as his. It cannot be proved in the crowd that it is not his, and he draws. They say that this trick may work three or four times, at intervals, but that thereafter the conspirators sail perforce with speed under sealed orders.



"IL Y A UN BEC DE GAZ": THE ORIGIN OF THE NEW CATCH-PHASE IN PARIS—PULLING DOWN A LAMP-POST TO MAKE WAY FOR AN AEROPLANE.

In Paris just now no one who does not say, "Il y a un bec de gaz" at least once in every three sentences can claim any pretensions to up-to-dateness, for "There is a lamp-post" is the catch-cry of every class in the City of Light. It is believed to have had its origin in the fact that, in order to make way for the various aeroplanes that are being tested in the neighbourhood of Paris, a number of lamp-posts have been pulled down.—[Photograph by Rol.]

P'R'APS, P'R'APS NOT !



THE PATIENT (having escaped from the chair) : I think, perhaps, I'll call again to-morrow.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



INCIDENTS as dramatic as any of those in which they have figured on the stage occasionally occur in the private lives of actors, yet do not always find their way into print. Perhaps the most remarkable thing that ever happened to Miss Frances Vine (who has been playing Miss Mary Moore's part in "The Mollusc" with great success) occurred in private life. Last spring she was in Paris, and attended High Mass at the Madeleine during one of the great Easter feasts. The church was crowded to suffocation, and, in accordance with a custom not altogether unknown amongst women, Miss Vine arrived rather late. Perhaps it was in consequence of this that, instead of being allowed to remain at the bottom

of the church, she was shown up to the top and given a prominent chair, the owner of which had evidently not arrived. In the most solemn part of the service, Miss Vine noticed two women, who were unmistakably tourists of the worst kind, calmly plant themselves on the steps of the High Altar and commence snapshotting the scene. The people in their neighbourhood were evidently too engrossed in their devotions or too indifferent to take any action; but the young actress's Irish blood began to burn in her, and she determined to have the ladies removed. No sooner had she come to her decision than she began to put it into execution. She rose from her chair and walked the whole way down the long aisle until she came to the door, where she discovered the official, who, in honour of the fête-day, was even more resplendent than usual in gold lace. As Miss Vine was going to lunch with Miss Mary Moore at the Ritz Hotel, she, too, was resplendent in lace, even although it was not gold, and her costume evidently helped the situation. She briefly stated her case, and the man's blood began to burn in turn. "Together they marched back up the long aisle to the top of the church. This time the congregation was not too intent on its devotions to look up and be interested. Up to the photographing ladies the official went, and the way he marched them out of the church was a sight worth seeing.

Mr. Vincent Clive, who has made so marked an impression in "The Marriages of Mayfair," at Drury Lane, is without doubt the chief motor-cyclist in the dramatic profession. One day in the summer of last year he rode from his home to the Green-Room Club, and, as was his habit, he left his machine in the vestibule downstairs while he went up to the club-rooms to see if there were any letters for him. In the club he met a friend who, he thought, was the very man to play a certain part, which he believed

he could influence for him. He accordingly went to the telephone, rang up the manager, and told him of his friend. This took some minutes, and when he went downstairs, the motor-bicycle was gone. He advertised for it in several papers, offering a large reward for it; but the thief was not to be induced in that way to earn the money honestly, and he was shrewd enough to realise that he could not buy a motor-bicycle for the sum offered. The summer waned into autumn, the autumn into winter, and Christmas was only a few days ahead. Quite unexpectedly, one day Mr. Vincent Clive received an anonymous letter in which the writer stated that the motor-bicycle had been

sent to a certain establishment in Holborn. The actor went off at once, and saw the machine, carefully wrapped up in cloth, awaiting his arrival. He unswathed it, and had no difficulty in recognising that it was his property, although the original numbers had all been destroyed and new ones engraved on the plates. Under the circumstances, it was difficult to establish his claim. Luckily, however, there was one slight difference between that machine and all the others. There had been a leak of petrol through a tiny hole, which had been soldered up. "If you will turn the machine upside down," Mr. Clive said, "you will find a tiny solder-mark." The man did turn the machine upside down, he found the solder-mark, and it was in that way that Mr. Vincent Clive came into his own again.

Like so many other well-known actors, Mr. Philip Cuninghame, who is touring as Paradine Foulkes in "Lady Frederick" with Mrs. Brown-Potter, served his stage apprenticeship with the late Miss Sarah Thorne in her stock company at Margate. After he left her, many years went by

before he again visited the town. In the meantime he had risen from the ranks, for he had played leading parts in the chief provincial towns as well as in London, and was, as he hoped, keeping well in the public eye. One day, however, after having been ill he went to Margate to recuperate. He strolled down to the old theatre, where the "Marvellous Craggs" were billed as the chief attraction or the week, and the wonderful contortions and feats of the clever acrobats were represented on the posters with startling effect. When Mr. Cuninghame arrived, he found the stage carpenter, whom he used to know, busily employed sweeping the dust from the stage into the street, as in the old days. "Well, Ted, how are you?" he said. "'Ullo, Mr. Cuninghame," he replied, as he looked up at the poster, "'ere with the company this week?"



THE QUESTION OF A POPULAR ACTRESS'S APPEARANCE AT THE COLISEUM: MISS CISSIE LOFTUS, WHO IS SAID TO HAVE ENTERED INTO A CONTRACT WITH THE COLISEUM COMPANY TO PERFORM AT A SALARY OF £250 A WEEK.

Some days ago the Alhambra Theatre Company sought an injunction to restrain Miss Cissie Loftus from appearing at the Coliseum, or any other theatre in London, in alleged breach of her contract with them. It was stated that the company still holds a contract by which the popular actress has to appear at the Alhambra at a salary of £85 a week before appearing at any rival establishment in London, and that Miss Loftus had now agreed to appear at the Coliseum at a salary of £250 a week. Counsel for the plaintiffs then asked for an injunction. This was refused, but Mr. Justice Coleridge gave leave to serve notice of motion. The case was again mentioned last Wednesday, but it was arranged that the motion should stand over until this week.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

Pillars of the Playhouse.

Studies of Worshippers at the Shrine of Thespis.



IV.—THE CHARLIE HAWTREY-ITES.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

AN amateur statue must stand as a monument of public spirit at any rate; and when a popular novelist bestows a sudden statue upon his country the naïveté of the work itself should not make us insensible to the sculptor's generosity. Away with any allusions to the uncle in "The Wrong Box," and his gratuitous lectures in the Isle of Dogs! Far be they from us! But Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's is no unpractised hand. His medallions and busts are already known in public places, and his statue of Boswell, at Lichfield, is added to a national collection that has a confessed number of professional failures both in town and province.

The raising of a statue to our Boswell is the result of a reaction—nay, of several reactions. Bozzy has been over-scorned. Bozzy has been over-praised. Just of late the over-praise has been up, and the contempt has been down. "How could such a fool give us so good a book?" cried, in wonder, the critics of one period. "How indeed *could* a fool have given us so good a book?" cried, with all the difference in the world, the critics of another. Many characters were combined in the honest Scotchman, and they all went to the making of the great "Life." So that even his jealousy of Mrs. Thrale, and his ill-nature in regard to that badly treated, but indomitably spirited little woman, were of use to the immortal work. It takes all kinds (of men) to make a world, it takes all kinds (of one man) to make a book.

"That miracle of a youth, Mr. Christopher Wren," as John Evelyn called him, is a fascinating study for a book, and Miss Lena Milman has written it. It is a delightful book, if only for the words of Wren that are in it. It was he who, explaining the necessity of moderation of ornament in Renaissance architecture, said of the Palace of Versailles—

"Not an inch within but is crowned with little Curiosities of Ornaments. The Women, as they make here the Language and Fashions and meddle with Politics and Philosophy, so they sway also in Architecture; Works of Filigree and little Knacks are in great Vogue; but Building certainly ought to have the Attribute of Eternal."

Considering that Fred Walker's poster of "The Woman in White" was the beginning of all the so-called artistic bill-sticking of to-day, it is somewhat strange that the novelists are so seldom given a turn on the hoardings. It seems to me that sixpenny fiction might just as reasonably put out posters of divers colours—carried round by a man with a bag, a ladder, and a can of grey paste, and set up on such spaces as do not lead to prosecution—as mantles or motor-cars. It is, of course, hard to know quite the plan of attack of the posters. For myself, I am weary of stimulating foods in bill-form. "Take the soup away," I cry, determined not to yield to the commands of the hoardings. I resent those posters.

I want, and others want, more variety in these wall-pictures. But, nevertheless, I feel that the insistence of the bills may be good tactics: I feel that, in the end, I may use that soap and swallow the soup.

There is one excellent poster on the hoardings to-day. I have seen it, snapshot fashion, from my motor-bus, and found it interesting. It is simply the picture of a man looking from a window, but he is interesting, and if the only two words I have been able to catch sight of are, as I suspect, the title of a novel, I will buy that novel. Under the man is written "John Silence."

Now why is not the success of this "John Silence" poster, the only good poster on the walls, followed up by other publishers of fiction? Mr. Fisher Unwin has stuck no bills since his famous one by Beardsley; Mr. Heinemann, whose familiar windmill was drawn by Mr. William Nicholson, has never commissioned a poster from that born poster-maker; Mr. Methuen has not even put "The Great Miss Driver" on to the hoardings, though there is a book that should find many mistaken purchasers among the coachmen of the Metropolis.

Speaking of mistaken buyers, I do not know if the tale of the butterfly-hunters is old. They were newly smitten with the chase, and went to the nearest book-shop for the lore of their enthusiasm. But there was nothing in the shelves on butterflies. "Then we will have this," said they, "instead." And they went away happy, with a copy of "Advice to Mothers." And perhaps Mr. Sedgwick's "The New American Type" will, as befell "Twelve Types," Mr. Gilbert Chesterton tells us, find its place among the technical books in the library of the printers' and compositors' association.

When Mr. de Wolfe Howe went through the papers of George Bancroft, Ambassador, and author of the well-known "History of the United States," he came, in one of Bancroft's letters, upon the sentence, "Oh, these children and biographers, who cannot leave in the dark what belongs there." Nothing disconcerted, Mr. de Wolfe Howe sat him down to his work as a biographer, and has contrived to fill two large volumes with things that we are glad to see in the light. For Bancroft rubbed shoulders with a multitude of men and things. He saw Goethe, he knew Lafayette, was a student under Hegel, spoke over Lincoln's grave, and held consultation with Moltke and Bismarck. And all this is more interesting to us because we have read the verses of Miss Hester Bancroft, granddaughter of "The History of the United States," as Bancroft, who was born the year after Washington died and lived till near the close of the century, has been nicknamed.

M. E.



TALKING SHOP.

[DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.]

THE CURATE (at the theatre box-office): Oh, could you possibly accommodate me with a couple of pews—er—I mean seats for to-night?

L'UNION FAIT LA FORCE!



THE PROFESSOR: Come to my house to-night, and I'll find you some work.

THE WAYFARER: Impossible, Sir. I belong to the Mendicants' Branch of the Professional Loafers' Union, and they won't let us work no overtime.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

NANCY'S DRAWING-MASTER.

By EDWARD H. COOPER.

A WOMAN of forty summers, with an air of infinite placidity on her face, sat in the drawing-room of a Portman Square house, embroidering a green tea-table cloth with pink roses. A glance at the lady in question would enable you to foretell with absolute certainty that at that hour of the afternoon she would be embroidering pink roses on a green cloth.

The room was large and comfortable, well stocked with what a certain auctioneer's catalogue called "pianos and other knick-knacks"; the thirteen-year-old girl who was buried in a sea-story of Mr. Jacobs' looked healthy and intelligent; and the whole atmosphere spoke of contentment and £10,000 a year.

The girl put her book down: "Will Mr. Wilson come in this afternoon?" she asked, with a careful absence of expression in her face and voice which intimated her own disapproval of the gentleman in question, coupled with a suspicion that it would be more prudent to keep this disapproval to herself.

"It is possible, my dear." The table-cloth-worker bent a little lower over her task, so that it may have been the reflection of the large and very pink roses which caused her cheeks to look pinker: "But, my dear, you must remember that he has just been made Sir John Wilson."

"I'll remember. I know all his names. I don't like John, and I don't like Edward, and I don't like Wilson; so it's funny he should be called by all of them."

"My dear!" Mrs. Corbett fluttered with disapproval. "We are not given any choice about our names. Sir John, as he told me once, had a 'peculiar father who disliked Jews very much, and cared only to pick two names which had nothing to do with the Jews. He was even a little suspicious of 'John,' but finally allowed that and 'Edward.' It was unlucky," added the good lady, shaking her head regretfully; "for, as some ill-natured friend pointed out to him afterwards, the baby's initials were now J. E. W."

"Why has he been made Sir John?"

"Because he has done a great deal of good with his money both here and in New Zealand and West Australia. He was on his way out to New Zealand, you will remember, when he was in the shipwreck with your poor father, and saved so many lives in such gallant fashion."

"Mummy, who told us about his saving all those lives so gallantly? Did he tell us himself?"

"It is a well-known story, my dear," said the woman, ruffling up again in very offended fashion. "And I think you know very well that I disapprove of your talking like that about someone who has been very kind to both of us for nearly two years past. . . . I think this must be Sir John."

The door opened to admit a man of middle height, with black beard and whiskers, and hair of dull, shadowless black. His face was so overpowered by this black framework that no man after talking to the new baronet for an hour could tell you whether his nose was straight or crooked, whether his eyes were blue or green, honest or shifty. They only knew that he was very black.

"I thought perhaps you would come on from the Carlyon wedding." The woman's eyes shone out in welcome. "Had the new bride and bridegroom left when you came away, and where are they going for the honeymoon?"

"Venice, I believe."

"Ah," said Mrs. Corbett with mild enthusiasm, "how delightful! My sister has just gone there, for the first time. She is a most artistic person, and writes with such real feeling about everything there. I do love genuine artistic feeling. She writes to me this morning that she is staying at an hotel on the Grand Canal, and 'drinking it all in.' 'Life is very full,' she says. Possibly the bridal pair will meet my sister and her husband. His name is Mellish, Julian Mellish. Bring me his photograph to show to Sir John, Nancy"; and, as the child left the room reluctantly, Mrs. Corbett ran after her with further low-toned orders. When Nancy's clear voice came back to the man's ears, declining to go out for a walk and denying the existence of any lessons which needed to be done at once in the dining-room, Wilson guessed the purport of these orders and smiled gratefully.

But, as his hostess left him, the man's face became suddenly haggard and grey and ten years older. "I must settle the matter

now," he said to himself, walking to the window. "She got a quarter of a million from her father if she got a penny, and Isaacson would keep quiet if I could promise him a quarter of that. I must have it! I must make certain of it now." He walked back to the sofa, biting his nails. "The money's come to her since that skunk Corbett was drowned," he muttered again, "so it can't be in a settlement. I'll have it—and within a fortnight! The smash won't come yet."

As Mrs. Corbett came back into the room alone he went up to her and took her hand. The business was really very difficult, for he positively disliked the woman: her simpering, placid face, inert movements, and smiling stupidity enraged him every time he saw her. His ideal woman swore freely, could drink nine men out of ten under the table, and kept parties of love-making miners in order with a revolver. However, he had hardly begun before Nancy ran into the room again. It was the last straw added to his contempt for his intended wife, that she could not even turn her child out of the room successfully.

"Mummy," said the child excitedly, "Frederick says Mr. Seaton has come—you know, that man who wrote this morning about the drawing-lessons; and you thought he might do for me."

A gaunt, roughly dressed man of five-and-forty came slowly into the room, looking round him very anxiously, holding out his hand to Mrs. Corbett, and then withdrawing it hastily, with a dry, quickly checked smile, as though he had forgotten himself. "I had the honour of writing to you, Madam," he said in a slow, sing-song voice, with a strong Colonial accent, "suggesting some drawing-lessons, and you kindly telephoned me to call."

"Yes," said Mrs. Corbett amiably. "My friend Sir John Wilson suggested a little sketching tour in Normandy for us, and I should like my daughter to have some extra lessons first. Are you free at once?"

"Yes. . . . No, not at all." Seaton seemed to awake to Mrs. Corbett's question with a slight start, but took no notice of it when he did wake up. On the contrary he advanced to Wilson, and said curtly: "I have had the pleasure of meeting you before somewhere, Sir."

"Very likely you have met me somewhere," said the other haughtily. "I employ a large number of people of all classes in my business."

"You were crossing from Melbourne to New Zealand six years ago, I think."

"I daresay I was," said Wilson coldly. "Yes, in point of fact, I was. What then, Sir?" The uncomfortable look which always came into this man's face whenever anyone referred to events of more than five years ago was conspicuous there now.

"I think a friend of mine was on board," went on the dry, monotonous voice. "He told me all about that voyage."

"Why, that was the voyage," said Mrs. Corbett, with her usual mild enthusiasm, "when the New Zealand ship was wrecked, and Sir John Wilson behaved so gallantly."

"Was it?" asked Seaton; and a slow smile, which might mean anything—even admiration—drifted across his face.

"It was entirely owing to him that anybody was saved," went on Mrs. Corbett, noticing only with an affectionate shake of the head Wilson's entreaties to her to stop. Yet the entreaties seemed to have some real meaning on this occasion: "I don't care how often I repeat the story. My poor dear husband was on board, so, of course, I was interested."

"Of course." Seaton bowed to the lady, and put an extra mournful touch of sing-song into his voice as he went on. "Sir John behaved very differently from another man on board, about whom my friend told me. This man got first into a boat, and while the sailors were trying to lift some women into it, he shouted to them to row away from the side, because the ship was sinking. Finally the boat did upset, and this man got a spar to himself, and swam off holding on to it. Another chap laid hold of it too, but this person just doubled up his fist and hit him a crack on the head which made him let go and sink."

"Dear, dear, how shocking!" murmured Mrs. Corbett. "You know that part of the world, Mr. Seaton?"

"Yes. I—er—landed there shortly after that accident and

[Continued overleaf.]

AIRY COMPLIMENTS? THE ROYAL MEETING OF THE FUTURE.



WHEN FRONTIERS TROUBLE NOT: KING AND KAISER GREET ONE ANOTHER — A PREDICTION.

The artist, firmly convinced that the aeroplane and the navigable balloon have come to stay, insists that in a very few years such a meeting as the one he predicts will be comparatively common. It may be said, further, that the artist is a German; hence, perhaps, his insistence on the military ceremonial of the affair.

spent some time at a little inn close to where I landed. I had to get up early because three fastidious English visitors demanded table-cloths at breakfast, and the landlady wanted my sheets to lay the table for these aristocrats' repast. That gallant passenger out of the wreck whom my friend told me about was one of them, but he got hunted out by my neighbours. He'd been hunting lions in Africa and kangaroos in Australia for some time, my friend told me, so it was time he got hunted himself."

"Sir John Wilson has shot in Africa too," said Mrs. Corbett proudly. "He saved a man's life there by shooting two elephants in two shots at nearly five hundred yards."

Seaton turned to Wilson very politely. "Any relation," he asked, with his sad smile, "of another friend of mine who seized a lion by the jaw with one hand and beat him to death with his own tail?"

Digesting this question slowly, Mrs. Corbett came to the conclusion that there was more in it than met the ear, and turned icily to the speaker. "I think we had better get back to business, Mr. Seaton. Run and fetch your drawings, Nancy. I will come and find my Monte Carlo sketches too."

As Mrs. Corbett left the room, Wilson advanced to Seaton in three furious strides, and stared savagely into his face. "And now, Sir, what do you mean by this?" he asked fiercely. "Answer me, Sir. What the devil do you mean by it?"

Seaton sat down on a sofa, took a cigarette-case out of his pocket, and looked at it longingly. "I wonder if there'd be a great row if I began to smoke here," he murmured.

"You've been telling a lot of highly imaginative stories to Mrs. Corbett," said Wilson—there was abject fear in his face and voice—"and now I ask you what you mean by it. I was on that ship, and saw nobody behaving as you described."

"No? Likely not." Seaton took a cigarette out of the case and fingered it lovingly. "A man doesn't always carry a pocket looking-glass about with him for such emergencies. And if someone turns up afterwards from ten thousand miles off with an intimate knowledge of the hero's past history, I grant you it's unusual, and unexpected, and rough on that hero. . . . Now, I wonder what's the worst that could happen if I lit this?" Seaton looked round him for a minute, then shook his head hopelessly. "Women never keep matches in a room, do they?" he said. "That's the worst of electric light in a house where there are only women—they think nobody wants matches except to light a fire. . . . Do you know, if the people here knew the story of this man whom my friend met, they really might kick him out."

"You amuse me." Wilson sat down in front of his companion with a look on his face which would not be confounded with amusement by the most casual observer. "Tell me the story."

"He made money on the Congo—Lord knows how! Slave-trading, I surmise," went on the drawling voice. "Then he came to the West Australian gold-mines for a bit, and from there to Melbourne, and endowed hospitals and speculated in tramways, and became a pillar of the local church, and sat in it every Sunday lamenting out loud that he'd got only ten Commandments to keep. A pillar of the Church, did I say? Perhaps he was rather more in the nature of a flying buttress; for he fled to New Zealand one morning with the churchwarden's wife. There he endowed a lot more charities, and made a third fortune, and came home."

"Who the devil are you, Sir?" Wilson asked in a thick voice. "I'll ring the bell and have you kicked into the street unless you answer me."

"Just tell me first what you're doing here. I give you my word if you answer my question, I'll answer yours."

"I'm Mrs. Corbett's lover. I propose to marry her. And you?"

"I'm Mrs. Corbett's husband. I have married her."

Wilson moved back to his chair, sat down, and stared intently at Seaton, who glanced alternately at his cigarette with a weakly affectionate smile, and at Sir John with bland inquiry.

"I was pretty certain it was you," said Wilson at last. "What did they give you in New Zealand for that Brough murder?"

"Five years," said the other frankly. "I came out three months ago on ticket-of-leave, and have come straight home."

"Your wife and daughter would be excited to hear the story."

"Possibly. The story's a good one when it's well told: Man insults me about some girl; I knock him down; he falls against an iron bar and is killed; and, because the girl is no relative of mine, so that I have no right to defend her, I get five years. And, to be candid, I don't like to mention the fact to my family."

"It's an odd social prejudice," agreed Wilson cordially; "but some women, as you suggest, do dislike being known as the wife or daughter of a man who's just been 'doing time.'"

"These two don't know." The man's nerve was of iron, but Wilson noted with satisfaction that the words were spoken more quickly than usual. He leaned forward and eyed his man steadily.

"They will know," he said, "unless . . ."

"Unless?" Seaton put away his cigarette slowly and carefully, but it was to hide the fact that his hand was trembling; and the other man knew it.

"Unless you disappear again," said the other quietly. "You see, I propose to marry Mrs. Corbett. I'm quite open with you.

I'm out for money. Her father left her a quarter of a million six months ago, and I want it. And, to be brief, I mean to have it."

"There never was much love lost between her and me," said Seaton, "and, to repay your candour, I started on that New Zealand trip to get out of her way. If she hears I've been in jail there she'll 'say things,' but that won't be new. Tell her, if it amuses you."

"And Nancy?" said the other quietly.

"You blackguard. . . !"

"Eh," asked the other in affected surprise, "what's the matter now?"

"You damned blackguard, would you tell the child too?"

Footsteps and voices were audible on the stairs outside, and the two men sprang up and faced one another with drawn faces and murderous eyes. Indifference, calculation, and amusement, real and affected, were gone from Seaton's face now; terror and triumph hung together on Wilson's face, as on the face of a man who has played a winning card, but doubts whether he has played it too late. Had he won?

"I tell the whole world," he added in a low, rapid voice. "Mark me. Everybody I know, man, woman, and child; I tell them all, unless you go. Mark me well. You go away quietly, without any more nonsense about drawing-lessons, and I'm silent, and Nancy goes on thinking that her father died in a shipwreck. Otherwise. . . ."

"You cur! . . . You damned scoundrel!"

Wilson shrugged his shoulders. "Take your choice," he said, and turned with a resolute smile to Mrs. Corbett. "Mr. Seaton has to go," he said coldly, and looked steadily across at the drawing-master. He saw the latter's eyes fixed on the child in frightened hesitation; then a small book came out of the man's pocket, and was consulted upside down with shaking fingers.

"If you would let me look at my engagement book. . . . Dear me, yes, I must be in Ebury Street at six o'clock."

Nancy came close to Seaton with some murmured words begging him to stay, at which Wilson came forward imperiously, putting his hand on her shoulder and almost pushing her away. In the drawing-master's eyes and the child's there came a simultaneous flash of rage, and as they looked across at one another, Nancy suddenly stood very still and stared at Seaton, with her lips moving slightly, and eyes round with wonder and effort to remember something.

"He can't stay," Wilson was saying. "And he has just been telling me that he is not accustomed to giving lessons in landscape, so his help would be of no use to you."

"Oh. . . . did I say that?" Seaton looked up into the other man's face with a slow gentle smile, and Wilson clenched his hands and set his teeth for a last throw of the dice.

"You did tell me, by the way, that you had spent some time making sketches of a famous convict settlement in New South Wales," he said. "Would you like to tell Mrs. Corbett about them . . . or shall someone call you a hansom?"

Nancy escaped from her custodian, and came close to Seaton again: "My father used to draw and sketch beautifully," she said with a curious shake in her voice. "I used to sit and watch him. I loved it."

"You remember him?" asked the man. He looked down at his hands, which were trembling visibly, and up at Wilson with something like appeal in his eyes, then moved slowly towards the door. "I did say I'd be in Ebury Street at six," he muttered.

"Yes, you did." Wilson's nerve was giving way fast. He came up to Seaton now, and put a heavy hand on his arm, almost pushing him towards the door. "I'm just going downstairs and can show you out." The drawing-master stopped. "Will you come away with me at once?"

"Do you know," said Seaton, "the things which I do when I get annoyed would surprise you."

"Are you coming out at once?" was the furious reply.

"If I got vexed with you suddenly they wouldn't know you at home unless they'd kept a copy of you . . . What's this about? Why, little one! . . . Nancy dear! . . ."

The child had run up to him again with an incoherent cry and thrown her arms around his neck. Mrs. Corbett advanced to the pair with exclamations of wrath, but recoiled suddenly as Seaton looked her in the face. She sat down on a neighbouring sofa and looked up at her husband, shaking her head reproachfully.

"Really, James, really," she said with fretful reproof, "why couldn't you come back in the ordinary way?—just ring the bell, if you'd lost your latch-key, and tell the footman who you were, and come in. And why have you got a beard? Very unbecoming, I call it."

"Well, now you have come in," said Wilson, with a shrug of the shoulders, "I suppose it's time for me to go out."

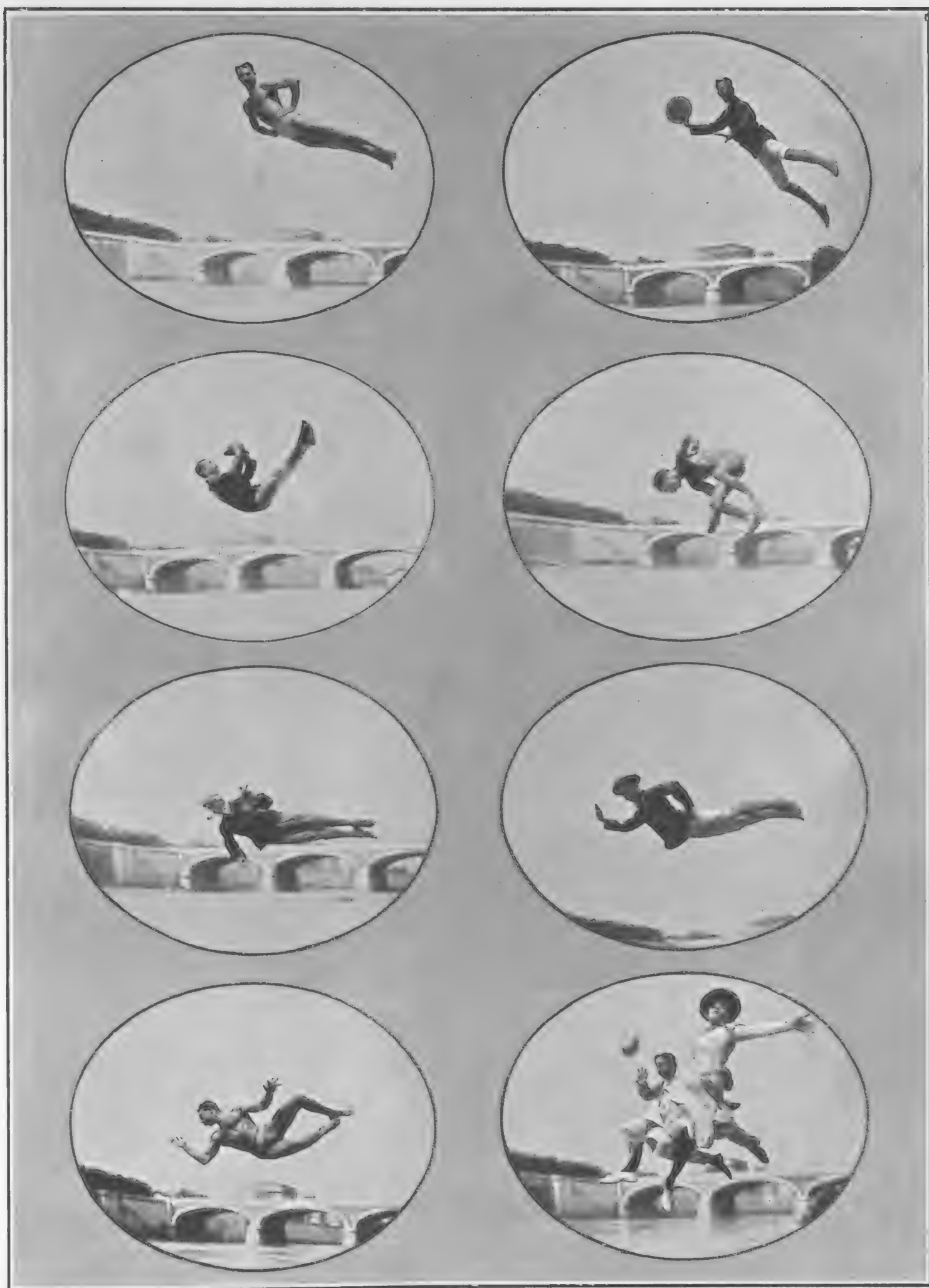
"Haven't you got a funny story to tell my wife first?" asked Seaton affably.

"Not I," said the other, with a surly laugh.

"All right, my dear chap; I'll remember that next time you want something. Come and dine soon. So long. Sorry about that quarter of a million. If a fiver's any use to you . . . ? No . . . ? Well, good-bye. Better luck next time.

THE END.

THE ART OF FALLING WITH UNCONCERN—
AND IN DIVERS MANNERS.



REMARKABLE DIVES INTO THE TIBER, BY MEMBERS OF THE ROMAN SWIMMING CLUB.

CANNY CANUTE: HIS DAILY LIFE—V.



CANNY CANUTE (*who has fallen from the tree and has shed garments during the fall*): Just my luck! But perhaps he'll let me off easily, seeing I've come down ready to be whacked.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

MUCH sympathy is felt, both in Court circles and in general society, with Lady Emily Kingscote in her terrible bereavement. Sir Nigel was more than popular; he was beloved by all who knew him, and not least by our Sovereign and his gracious Consort. His experience of Court life went back nearly fifty years, and in the days when he had charge of the Marlborough House stables it was his special pride to see that the then Prince and Princess of Wales had the very smartest and finest horses to ride and drive that were ever seen in London. Particularly does one remember the Princess's ponies.

Half the Truth.

Eighteen months ago, Senator J. B. Foraker, at whom many stones are being cast, was distinctly in the running for the Presidency of the United States. He was one of the chief assets of the Democratic caricaturists. An unexpected development led to the

House of Commons are his; so is that of Lord Cairns in the Law Courts, and commissioned for the Victoria University. Dublin, too, has some excellent examples of his work. In earlier days painting claimed his devotion, and his training in this direction is, needless to say, of immense importance to him.

New M.F.H.

There are some notable changes in the list of masters of hounds this season. The palm for sportsmanship must surely be given to young Lord Fitzwilliam, who is not only keeping up his hounds at Wentworth Woodhouse and the Grove pack he took over last year, but has revived the hunt to which he gives his name in County Wicklow, where he has two seats, Coollatten and Carnew Castle. This would have rejoiced the heart of the old Lord, his grandfather. Then there is Lord Leconfield, another good man in the pigskin and almost exactly the same age as Lord Fitzwilliam.

Not content with hunting the West Sussex country as it has seldom been hunted before, he has taken over the West Cumberland mastership from Mr. Jefferson. Lord Huntingdon, the new Master of the Atherstone, has taken Grendon Hall, the old seat of the Chetwynds, which is conveniently situated.

Lord Huntingdon, who is now only forty, has in turn "mastered" the Ormond, East Galway, and North Staffordshire packs.

Retiring Ladies.

It is sad, however, to record that two lady masters of hounds are retiring. Miss Edith Enone Somerville, whose knowledge of horseflesh dates from her earliest childhood, has given up the West Carbery Hunt to Major Burns-Lindow, and one can only hope that she will in consequence have more time to write those delightfully humorous pictures of Irish life in collaboration with her cousin, "Martin Ross." Then Mrs. Burrell, who hunted the North Northumberland country, is succeeded by a committee. Surely this feminine abdication cannot have passed unnoticed in the Suffragist camp! Let the Pankhurst family arise and prove anew that the downtrodden sex can show as good sport over rough country as the favoured male. What a chance to lure politicians from the golf-links and convert them to the Suffrage cause in the hunting-field. But there must be no red herrings!



GETTING "FIT" TO WELCOME "GINGER"; MR. TAFT GOLFING—AFTER A DRIVE.

Photograph by Waldon Fawcett.

announcement that, if it were the wish of the Republicans of Ohio, he would sink his claims on the Presidency, be content with the Senatorship, and go heart and soul for Mr. Taft. He has long played a leading part in American politics. He is regarded as a prince of stump campaigners, and is one of the six most redoubtable lawyers in the Senate. He began his career of excitement early. He ran away from his home on the paternal farm to enlist in the Civil War. He was two years under the legal age, but he chalked the figures "18" on the soles of his boots, then went boldly in and swore that he was "over 18." And they took him, to discover the truth after the close of the war, and to leave him one of the few men in America who cannot boast a military pension.

A Joy for Ever.

It was a happy decision of the Kelvin Committee to commission Mr. Albert Bruce-Joy to execute the statue of Lord Kelvin which is to be erected in Belfast. It means that Belfast will have a fine piece of work, and—a consideration not less important to a patriotic Irishman—the work will be that of a son of Erin. Mr. Bruce-Joy is Irish to the backbone, and the name of his family is written large on the modern history of his country. He has done very admirable work, with which we are all familiar. The statues of John Bright and Sir Erskine May in the

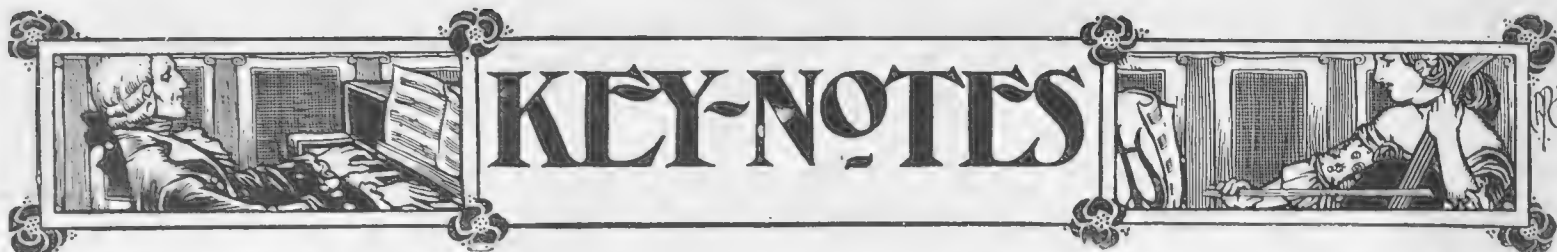


DUCHESS AND SPORTSWOMAN: THE DUCHESS D'AOSTA WITH A ZEBRA SHE BAGGED IN AFRICA.



SEXAGENARIAN AND KEEN M.F.H.: THE EARL OF HARRINGTON TAKING A DIFFICULT JUMP.

Photograph by Howard Barrett.



BY the death of Pablo de Sarasate violin music loses one of its most distinguished and illustrious interpreters, and a varied and interesting career comes to a close. Sarasate's first appearance in London dates back to 1861, and since that time he has been an acknowledged master, received with acclamation in all the world's great musical centres. But, for all his fame and his large share of the good things of life, he knew what it is to struggle and endure: his earlier days were associated with difficulties and unexpected good fortune, of which there will be much to say in years to come. He was a child prodigy, one of the few whose career does not end with manhood. It is said that he studied the violin when he was five years old, and made a public appearance a year later. When he was a boy Queen Isabella heard him play in Madrid, and gave him the violin, by Stradivarius, that was his life-long companion. A bachelor, he would point to the beautiful instrument when his friends asked him why he remained single, and would say: "Here is my wife." He was of a shy and retiring disposition, and regarded publicity as a penalty, from which he would escape when he could. Of late years his visits to London platforms have been few and far between, but he has been in town on several occasions, and might have been seen at the Opera in the autumn season. Sarasate's last appearance at the Queen's Hall was made nearly two years ago; and on Tuesday night last week M. Colonne opened the Promenade Concert with Chopin's "Marche Funèbre" in memory of the honoured dead.

As a player, Sarasate belonged to no school, accepted few traditions, and was not always faithful to his own. As far as playing went, he was a genius—a wayward genius who responded to his own moods. His technique was unrivalled, and the full, rich tone he drew from his instrument was a delight to the ear. In his mental attitude towards his art he was unlike other men of the front rank. Some violinists seek only to be the voice through which the composer's message is delivered; they sink their own personality as far as possible, content, proud to be interpreters of the highest order. Other players are determined to express their own personality at any cost; the works of the greatest masters of music serve as nothing more than mediums for display of powers that tickle the groundlings and make the judicious grieve. Of the two classes, the first is often voted dull; the second, though popular with the thoughtless, can hardly escape the charge of vulgarity. Sarasate belonged to neither. He could not subdue his own personality, but he never played to the gallery. He listened to the voice of his own mood, and it was his peculiar gift that he could impress that mood upon many of those who heard him. If he was merry, the air was full of ozone and no walls could keep the sunlight out; when he was sad, his music could fill the brightest hours with deep gloom. All Spaniards have a vein of melancholy;

it is to be seen clearly enough in their literature, their art, and their music, and Pablo Martin Meliton de Sarasate y Navaseues had his full share. Perhaps this outlook upon life kept him from the corruption of success and enabled him to live as he stood—alone. He did not care to receive pupils, and he had no imitators because he was inimitable.

When Sarasate made his first appearance in the provinces the spelling of his name gave some trouble, and the pronunciation

gave still more. To a nervous, proud, and sensitive Spaniard the little mistakes that arose were doubtless a source of intense annoyance, but he was not the only sufferer. An enterprising impresario engaged him once for a provincial town, and decided that the best method of advertising the concert was to engage eight sandwichmen to parade the streets of the town, each one bearing a board with one letter of the artist's name on it. The plan would have succeeded well enough if the bill-printer had not been entrusted with the task of arranging the men. Either he did his work in a hurry or the men took the wrong boards; in either case the result was disastrous. The men themselves realised that something was wrong, but they were not scholars. At the same time, they did not wish to have any trouble, as they had to pass the concert-hall, where the impresario would be on the watch. So they had a little discussion, and found the combination that seemed to have the most intimate relation to an ordinary word. When they filed solemnly past the concert-hall the name of the famous violinist had suffered a strange change; it had become "Assarate"!

The Joachim Concerts Committee has changed its name, and is now the Classical Concerts Society. Under its auspices, seven concerts are to be given at the Bechstein Hall on Wednesdays between Oct. 21 and Dec. 2, and one at the Queen's Hall on Dec. 9. At Bechstein's, chamber music will be given; the Queen's Hall concert will be orchestral and choral. String and pianoforte quartets by Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Haydn, and Schumann figure in programmes that are to be interpreted by such artists as Lady Hallé, Mr. Alfred Hobday, Miss Fanny Davies, and Messrs. Leonard Borwick, D. F. Tovey, Gomez, Borsdorf, and E. F. James. Doubtless the lovers of chamber-music will respond to the attractions, although they may regret the absence of the master whose services in this country to the work they delight to honour it would be hard to overpraise. The programme for the Queen's Hall concert on Dec. 9 is particularly attractive. The Bach Choir is engaged for Brahms's "Schicksalslied" and some choruses from Handel's "Belshazzar," and an arrangement for orchestra by Joachim of Schubert's "Grand Duo" for pianoforte duet. If the Classical Concerts Society can continue to choose its music and performers so happily, it should not lack support.—COMMON CHORD.



COMPOSER OF THE INCIDENTAL MUSIC FOR THE NEW VERSION OF "FAUST":
MR. COLERIDGE TAYLOR.

Mr. Coleridge Taylor, who is regarded as one of the rising young men of music and has achieved considerable success with orchestral and choral work, undertook a difficult task when he accepted a commission to write the incidental music to Mr. Tree's "Faust." He had to travel through country already explored by Berlioz, Gounod, Boito, and others of smaller achievement, and it must have been hard work to keep the doors of memory closed. Mr. Taylor's work includes a prelude, two entr'actes, some choruses, music for the Walpurgis Revels, and a new setting of Marguerite's song, "The King of Thule."—[Photograph by Cavendish Morton.]

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

English Waiters.

To say that the English hotel-waiter is a dignified but mournful survival is to understate the case. He belongs to a race which is slowly but surely becoming extinct, and carries about him the melancholy aura of the doomed. I would as soon, like Sydney Smith, speak disrespectfully of the Equator as indulge in pleasantries with John or James. These functionaries remind me of men who, having failed in their dearest ambitions, are compelled to decline on a lower plane. Who knows if, in their jocund youth, they did not aspire to eminence at the Bar, in the Senate, or in the camp? Every head-waiter at a British inn has in him, at least, the makings of a duke's butler. His deference, his courtesy, his low-toned speech are not to be imitated by the first Teutonic hireling, nor are they ever attempted by Jules or Alphonse, who will give you friendly and admirable advice in your choice of dishes, crack a joke with you, and even pay a tribute to your toilette out of the corner of his eye, with no sense that he is outraging the proprieties. Nor, indeed, does he; for in democratic France you are, as a simple human being, no better than the fellow who whisks away your plate,

and are only to be propitiated as a possible disburser of sumptuous "tips." With John, on the other hand, there is no visible eagerness. No glimpse of avarice mars the perfection of his monumental manner, and if, at the last, he condescends to accept your vail, it is with something of the air of a discrowned king.

The Optimists' Club.

Pessimism, it is clear, is a little out of date, a trifle *vieux jeu*, is suspiciously, now, of 1898. During the next few months the new Optimists' Club will gain many members, who will have to practise, like all the pretty chorus-girls, the difficult art of smiling. Though we are assured by the poet that one can "smile, and smile, and be a villain," yet we are asked to exhibit a touching faith in the virtues of any fellow-member of the Optimists' Club who may choose to grin at us. Perhaps the most trying part of the duties of membership would be the wearing of the club button, on which is engraved the single word "Smile." This alone would tend to make otherwise cheery persons a trifle morose; but it is obvious that the founders of the new club have not a nice

head. Whether the Smiler would exercise these boasted therapeutic powers is a moot point. Once upon a time I got into a railway-carriage in Rome with a bland and smiling elderly Frenchman. His physiognomy was attractive, his expression all that was benevolent. We were bound for Naples, and I was in high spirits at having such an amiable fellow-traveller. Meanwhile, he kept on benevolently smiling. But, by the time we reached only Velletri, the situation had become sinister. At Caserta I could have screamed aloud; and it was only just as we reached Naples that I realised the meaning of that cheerful countenance. My bland, benevolent, smiling fellow-voyager was a hopeless idiot.

The Lady who Lived in a Shoe.

In Sara Jeannette Duncan's lively and discerning novel "Cinderella of Canada" the characters have an amusing tendency to look upon the Mother Country as a kind of museum

of fossils, a lumber-room of old curiosities. This pert attitude on the part of the Daughter State is, perhaps, natural enough, but it is not one which should be encouraged, for, in their youthful arrogance and pride of life, both America and Canada are apt to underrate the importance, in the general scheme of things, of Great Britain. Young Columbia in pursuit of her ducal coronet, and voyaging Canadians in quest of the picturesque, are apt to hang about moth-eaten Tudor mansions and tottering cathedrals—and imagine that this is England. They do not go to Leeds or Woolwich, to Tyneside or to Portsmouth, but journey down to Stratford-upon-Avon and pass their mornings at Knoles. In our haste to show them our decaying Past, we forget to tell them we have a magnificent Present and a most portentous Future. The Young Person in the sleighing cap and moccasins must learn that England does not consist of leaking country mansions, but has, after all, quite a little niche of her own in the comity of nations.

A Great Test.

Can you be nice at breakfast? That, it seems, is the great test of character—the final furnace through which we must pass, or be found wanting as desirable friends or possible mates. The fierce light which beats upon the breakfast-table may undo the best-meaning of us, relegating us to the outer darkness where dwell the greedy, the boring, the dour, or the intolerably boisterous. It was once my fortune to breakfast *à deux* for a whole week (our hostess did not rise betimes) with a young man who has since become of world-wide celebrity. He has attained to such dazzling heights that Envy will drag him by the coat-tail and Malice seek to soil his garments. He will suffer the pangs of the serpent's tooth, and endure the flames of detraction. But to none of these things shall I ever lend a willing ear. Was he not suave, smiling, courteous at 9.30, pleasant—even epigrammatic—over the bacon-dish, unselfish with the hot toast, assiduous with the cream? How, in short, can a man be a villain who has been proved to be nice at breakfast?



[Copyright.]

A DIRECTOIRE DRESS OF THE MOMENT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING HAT OF BEAVER FELT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE plan of campaign for autumn dress is now unfolding itself rapidly and purposefully. Until October is within easy hail it is not possible to write with certainty as to what will or will not be worn. The women who influence dress are still engaged in holiday pursuits. Many have not returned from the North, and more are still doing country-house visiting for partridge-shooting. With the season of the long-tail shooting, there will be a considerable access of country-house visiting, but with time between-whiles to settle the affairs of fashion. Hats are to be large in moderation. This is the statement made to me by a woman who lives for clothes. It admits of considerable hedging, with a large allowance for individual opinion; still, it means something. No longer will the boxes to hold a piece of fashionable headgear resemble perambulator-sheds; exaggeration is killed by stage burlesques of it. The stage has still its uses! When a footlight favourite wears a hat six feet across, women on the other side begin to think it a little ridiculous, delightful as the actress looks in her mammoth millinery.

The autumn hats that I have seen so far are worn on the head, the brim shading the face becomingly. This is better than the unstable position the big hats of the season occupied at the back of the head. Plumage on the newest hats is the whole breast-feather and the wings. These are dressed in a way which renders them very light, the skin of the birds being removed and the feathers made up on a light foundation. Glacé or Ottoman silk is used principally for the shapes, velvet and felt being also fashionable. For the next six weeks fruit will be used to trim town head-gear. Apples are quite in favour, set into rims of their own leaves. They also are exceedingly light in weight, though life-size and most realistic.

Toques are also in vogue, which is invariably the case in the fur season. They are irresistibly becoming when made of costly peltry. One of Russian sable, with a dainty rim of ermine peeping out and a great cluster of white ospreys and ostrich-feathers at one side, is delightful—also charmingly expensive! The Directoire and the Hanoverian styles influence the hats of the moment. Some, for girls, have mob crowns of black velvet and the fluted brims threaded through with black moiré ribbon, which is knotted at the back and falls in long ends. The brims are lined with deep, ripe corn-coloured silk. Bright blue and bright green are being most successfully combined in autumn millinery. Pheasant colouring is most smart, as well for costumes as for millinery.

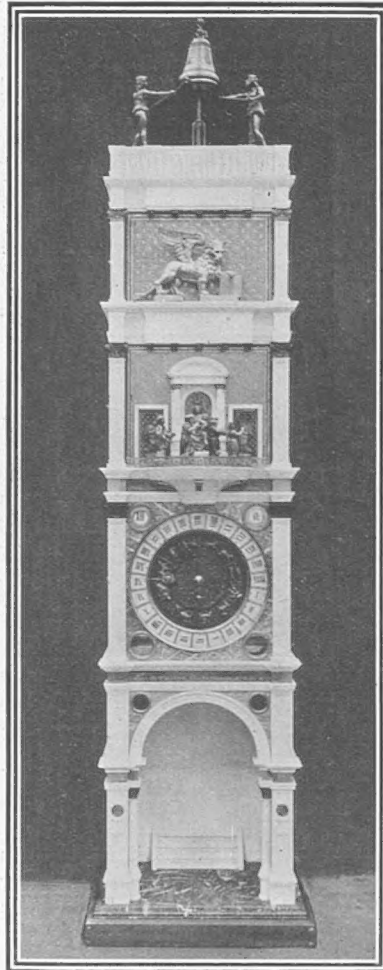
There is a distinct vogue in tailor-built coats and skirts. Things have been moving this way for a long time with no uncertain steps. This autumn ladies' tailors have come into their own again. They were driven to adopt the dress-maker style at a time, about five seasons back, when Englishwomen would dress in flimsy fabrics winter and summer. The cold drove them into furs, which they wore over chiffon, with absolute disregard of congruity. Now the seasons are again recognised, and suitability, the key-word of success in dress, is acknowledged. So may we look forward to neat, well-cut, well-fitting coats, and comfortable, short, well-hung skirts. These are being made of serge, cloth, tweed, velvet, and corduroy. The short coat is not so smart or up-to-date as the long one. Women whose figures are not sylph-like are discovering that a tailor who knows his business can give them as good an outline as the smartest modiste who is a mistress of long-line drapery. The modiste will insist on skirts reaching the ground, and the tailor will make his to clear it. Therefore his art is hailed as the right thing for out-of-doors in the autumn.

Many members of our sex are not only joining parties for pheasant-shooting, but are themselves shooting. I believe the number of women guns on the moors this season has been considerably in excess of any other. For one who shoots grouse there are six who shoot partridge and pheasants. The late autumn sport in England is so much easier than that earlier on the moors in the North.

It is a pleasant thing to tramp on a crisp autumn morning in line with five or six fellow sportsmen and women over the stubble, and through the turnips, even waist high in mustard, with spaniels ahead, the agitation of their stumpy tails the index for the guns' guidance; then, when the covey is flushed, to single out your bird and kill it clean and neat—not many women get one right and left; and then the bringing in of the birds and the next move forward. Now the beaters

will be at work in the woods, with the beautifully goldening, browning foliage, and the women guns will have to be very smart to bring down rapidly rocketing pheasants. They are bigger birds than the nimble partridge, but their way of going makes them very hard to kill with neatness and precision. The most fascinating lady alive will find that sportsmen will not long desire her company in sport if she wounds and mangles her birds. Any woman who wants to enjoy shooting should be trained by a keeper who is an excellent shot and has patience to teach. The new Sports Club at Aldershot, whereat women can practise at clay pigeons, will probably send some more capable sportswomen into the fields in autumn. They are taking most kindly to rifle-practice all over the country, and doing good shooting too.

On "Woman's Ways Page" will be seen a drawing of a Directoire dress in maize-hued cloth, trimmed with black satin. The large hat, of black Ottoman, is trimmed with handsome wing feathers matching the gown in colour. A small hat of beaver felt in a light shade of tapestry blue is also illustrated. The crown is of sable, and round it is a wreath of roses of subtle shadings, from pink to prune.



A REMARKABLE REPRODUCTION OF THE FAMOUS ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

The case is built up of four tiers of solid white marble, and the whole clock took four years to complete. It is twelve feet high from base to spire, and is the work of Messrs. S. Smith and Son, of 9, Strand.

While it is by no means uncommon for actors, as opposed to managers or business men, to build theatres in London, the idea is an innovation in New York; so far, at least, as the present generation is concerned, for Edwin Booth once built a theatre which is now a shop. The one theatre which owes its origin to an actor in the Empire City of the New World is called after its builder and proprietor-in-chief, Miss Maxine Elliott; and its name is Maxine Elliott's Theatre, not the Maxine Elliott Theatre. It is situated almost at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street, and is almost next door to the Casino Theatre, which was for so many years the acknowledged home of musical comedy in New York. The foundation-stone was laid by Miss Maxine Elliott some while ago, and so rapidly was the building pushed on that the beautiful actress will open it herself on or about the last day of this year. What the opening play will be is hardly decided at present, although it has been rumoured that it will be one by Mr. Clyde Fitch. The theatre, which is specially designed for comedy, reproduces the façade of the Petit Trianon. There, however, the resemblance ends, for the interior decorations are decidedly novel, the woodwork being a deep old ivory, forming panels which are filled with a glowing old gold brocade of the tint which is commonly known as castor brown. The stalls—which, in accordance with the American custom, cover the whole of the floor—are very roomy chairs, so that the comfort of the audience is certain, and it will be studied in every way. So, too, will be the comfort of the actors, whose dressing-rooms will be everything they can possibly desire. When Miss Maxine Elliott is not playing in her own theatre, it will be run by the Messrs. Shubert, who are, to a certain extent, interested with her in the enterprise, to which her many admirers in London will naturally wish every possible success.

Mr. Harold Bowden, of the Raleigh Cycle Company, was entertained recently at the Holborn Restaurant to a banquet given by several of his friends on the Press, the occasion marking his recent marriage to Miss Vera Whittaker. The health of Mr. Bowden and his bride was most cordially toasted and suitably responded to. Incidentally, it was pointed out during the evening that Mr. Bowden had made a great sacrifice when he gave up the highest athletic University honour—his rowing blue—to enter the works at the request of his father, Mr. Frank Bowden, the present proprietor of the Raleigh Cycle Works. Having passed through every department, Mr. Harold Bowden is thoroughly well versed in all that pertains to the Raleigh and Sturmey-Archer businesses, and will make an excellent chief when the time comes for his father to relinquish the reins of business—a remote contingency, one earnestly trusts. To mark suitably the auspicious event, a beautiful silver epergne, subscribed for by the trade and Press, was presented to Mr. Harold Bowden during the evening.

During the King's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon at Tulchan Lodge, in the Highlands, the Highland Railway Company's engine "Ballindalloch Castle" was used for the royal train between Perth and Boat of Garten. Travellers who have visited this most picturesque section of the Highland Railway Company's line know the heavy task allotted to the Highland engines, which have to grapple with a gradient more severe than any British locomotive is required to perform, the line rising to a height of 1484 ft. midway between Perth and Boat of Garten.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 13.

THESE continues to be considerable business doing in most departments of the Stock Exchange, and even Consols have picked up. The Presidential fight is beginning to affect Yankees, and it seems likely that we shall have an unsettled state of affairs in this market until the result of the polling on Nov. 4 is known. From a bull's point of view it is Taft first and the rest nowhere, of course, and much depends on the next few weeks.

The shareholders of the Gwalia Consolidated determined at their meeting that the new shares shall be offered to the shareholders pro rata at 3s. 3d. each (or ninepence premium), and we see no reason against their decision. It was rather amusing to see firms of big brokers tumbling over one another to bid for the shares which three months ago they would not have condescended to deal in. Times are altered, and it is not only in Kaffirs that business can be done.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

It was not purely of his own volition that Our Stroller was accompanied by his wife as he roamed into Throgmorton Street the other day. She had announced her intention of going, and—well, there you are.

"Regent Street is much more in your line," her husband had pleaded.

"My dear John"—accent on the adjective—"it was only yesterday that you said you wished there were no such place as Regent Street, or no shops in it, anyway."

Which rather silenced John.

Our friend's broker quickly put them both at their ease, and the lady insisted upon airing her knowledge of the well-known Throgmorton Street slang.

"You have just come off the Stock, I suppose?" she said to the broker, as the latter rattled off a dozen prices to her husband.

"She means you've just returned from the House," explained Our Stroller hastily.

"It must be very exciting on 'Change," pursued the lady, innocent of solecism, "especially—"

Our Stroller broke in with a question about Kaffirs.

"John always says he can't bear to be a bull in a rising market, don't you, John?" his wife continued, looking at him with an air of affectionate protection. "He says that—"

The broker's face could not have been more placid had it been carved in stone, but Our Stroller's foot was pulsing like a motor-engine.

"My dear, you're getting muddled," he interrupted her. "I don't want you to miss your afternoon cup of tea. Where shall we go?"

The broker took them down to Lyons'.

"Lyons must be making a lot of money out of the Exhibition," said Our Stroller. "Are the shares worth buying?"

"The price went up in advance of the Exhibition, you know," the broker replied. "I rather fancy Aerated Breads myself, in spite of what they say about possible competition from Lipton's."

Our Stroller turned half round to listen to a lively discussion about Home Railway stocks, what time the broker and his wife exchanged views upon such subjects as children's education, the servant problem, and the Suffragists.

"Can't see the pull—I really can't," one voice exclaimed.

"These working agreements—"

"Look at the awful traffic decreases!"

"But prices are lower than —"

"And trade goes on falling away."

"The Great Western's got a fair increase."

"And wants more money. So do they all, if you come to that."

"Money's cheap enough."

"Going to be dearer in a month or two."

"The engineers' strike is over."

"Labour troubles will be with us all the winter, for sure."

"Bah! You're a plaguey pessimist."

"And you're an occasional optimist. So there's nothing done. My bill, I think?"

Our Stroller turned to toy with his brown bread and butter.

"How about Kaffirs?" he inquired.

"Everyone says they'll go better," was the cautious reply.

"Then of course they must," Our Stroller's wife added conclusively.

"What d'you think yourself?" Our Stroller persisted.

"I hardly know how to read them. Of course, I want to see them go better, for the sake of business; but I wish there were more public buying, to inspire confidence."

"That will come if the big houses keep the game going, don't you think?"

"I don't believe the market's what we call 'done with,'" the broker answered. "And I think that even now a man may buy Kaffirs to put away for dividend purposes."

"What are the pet shares to buy?" Madame bent forward to ask, with a winning smile.

"There are two things being rather vigorously puffed called City Deep and Durban Deeps. The City Deeps are about fifty shillings and Durban Deeps are a couple of pounds."

"Are they any good?"

"Durban Deeps will pay a dividend this year in all probability, but the City Deep is said to be developing marvellously well. I don't know. I simply give you the information for what it may be worth."

"I've heard of the City Deeps," observed Our Stroller. "If they can be had at 2½ I'll buy fifty."

And his wife said that, as she wanted a little spec., she would put fifty pounds into the others if the money were not too small an amount.

"Not at all." And The Broker made a little note upon his cuff.

"We mustn't waste any more of your time," said Our Stroller, fishing about for his hat. "Are you ready, my dear?"

Upstairs, in Throgmorton Street, the Kaffir Market excited Madame's astonishment first, contempt next, and indignation last, as a bulky policeman told her to "Pass along there, please, Miss."

"Never again; no, never," she told her husband afterwards, "will I be dragged into that pandemonium of Babel's babies!"

MEXICAN RAILS.

How the poor traffics of the past few months have told upon the prices of Mexican Railway stocks is best appreciated through the medium of a short table. We give the highest prices for this year, and for 1907, with a third column showing the fall which has taken place from the best levels of the current twelvemonth when compared with the quotations now obtaining—

Stock.	Highest.		Sept. 26.	Fall from highest this year.
	1907.	1908.		
Mexican Ordinary ..	64½	48½	31½	17
" First Pref. ..	148½	144½	131	13½
" Second Pref. ..	100	96	72½	23½
" Debenture ..	148	147	144	3

To-day's figures are not far from the lowest prices reached in the two years under review, and, while it is justifiable to say that the highest touched were unduly inflated, it may be equally fair to consider the present quotations as quite sufficiently low. Traffics are poor, but the monthly statements show how the receipts can be corrected into less gloomy aggregates than appear weekly. The American crisis effect is still felt in Mexico, where domestic politics are far from being all they might be. The guarantee money required to pay the Vera Cruz Terminals interest makes a heavy prospective burden. It is no wonder that Mexican Rails are depressed: no wonder that long-seeing investors are picking up stock to put away and await the inevitable turn in the wheel of Fortune which shall bring holders of Mexican Rails on top once more.

Saturday, Sept. 26, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,

The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

FIELD OFFICER (Aden).—The bank is a second-rate concern, which has paid no dividend since 1899 and has a debit balance to profit and loss. The uncalled liability of the shareholders is small. It would not be good enough for our money.

CAP.—We suppose you mean the Imperial Tobacco. We know no Company called the "British Tobacco." The shares, 6 per cent. Preferred Ordinary, of the Imperial are a sound investment. We hear well of the African Coal concern, but hitherto it has never made considerable profits.

BAGATELLE.—The present price of 12s. seems to be about the value. The life of the property is put at some six years, and £2000 a month profit does not go far on a capital of £540,000.

BENTMAKE.—Rather than keep you waiting, we answered your letter privately. Nos. 1 and 5 seem best on your list, then No. 4.

ENQUIRER (Regent's Park).—It seems foolish to sacrifice your African Bank shares just when the turn of the tide looks as if it had set in. All three are first-class concerns, but have been, perhaps, hard hit in the general depression which has overwhelmed South Africa.

J. J. C.—Certainly Cuba Gold Bonds and Chinese Imperial Railway Gold Bonds. Add Argentine Railway Bonds 1890 or Treasury Conversion Bonds, and invest the balance of the available money in first-class Argentine Rails, such as Rosario Ordinary or Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary.

MISMANAGEMENT.—If you mean brokers and solicitors who will work on the principle of no success no pay, we do not think you will get respectable ones; but if you or someone will be good for proper costs and expenses, we can give you the names of first-class people.

M. R.—To talk about Gwalia Consolidated shares as an investment for your small savings is absurd. They are a good mining speculation for people who are prepared to risk their money on chance of a big profit.

KAFFIR.—On your own showing the buying tape price was ½, and the people you mention profess to deal at tape prices. This is one of the ways they get the better of you. Hold on to your Kaffirs for a bit and take a fair profit, as you can get it. It looks as if the rise will go further.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think Primer will win the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket. Other selections for the meeting are: Plate of 300 Sovs., Oakmere; Great Eastern Handicap, Cabul; Hopeful Stakes, Oilskin; Snailwell Stakes, Dik Dik; Thursday Nursery, Victrix; Welter Handicap, Mildew II.; Newmarket St. Leger, Poor Boy; October Handicap, Menu; Ditch Mile Nursery, Valdes; Bretby Welter Handicap, Solar System. At Alexandra Park, some of these should go close: Finsbury Handicap, Deveron; Autumn Nursery, Dymphna filly; October Plate, Japan; Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate, Joyful Bird; Muswell Plate, Torch.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Renée."—By Henry Curties. (Grant Richards.)—"Hill Rise." By W. B. Maxwell. (Methuen.)—"The Heritage." By Sidney C. Grier. (Blackwood.)

"RENÉE" is a romance that would have rejoiced the heart of Dumas, could he have brought himself to admire a worker in the same school. The great Frenchman almost, in fiction, saved Charles I. from death on the scaffold; the English author weds Francis I., the "Restorer of Learning," to a natural child of his royal predecessor on the throne, who masquerades as the Princess Claude of France, Duchess of Brittany. And, that things may end happily, Renée is not to blame for the deception, although, that she may be sufficiently harrowed by circumstance—and Pomp—she is aware of it. The real Princess goes mad in a fit of passion, and loses her memory. Paris is awaiting her marriage to the King, the strengthening of the tie between France and Brittany, and so the possibility of enduring peace. Renée is her double, and is persuaded to go to the young King as his promised bride—

I was to save France, my native land; to be a second Jehanne of Orleans, but be rewarded with a crown in place of the cruel flames . . . he was telling me of the benefit it would be to France and Brittany if I became the King's wife; that blood would cease to flow, and the two countries be united in one great nation . . . My Lord, it was not for the glitter of a crown, nor to bear the name of Queen of France, I gave way to this infamy. The saving of bloodshed and my brother's cause touched me most.

In good time the real Princess dies—is murdered—and the King, loving his wife, determines that she shall remain his Queen to him, as she has always been to the world, save to those two or three in the great secret. Roughly, very roughly, that is Mr. Curties' plot. It is elaborated in the true, full-blooded method of romance. Many will read it with eagerness and an appreciation of its dash and colour.

"Hill Rise" leaves us cold. It must be our fault, for Mr. Maxwell is sympathetic, and skilful, and a masterful exponent of the way of a man with a maid, as in the episode of Jack Vincent's love-making. Not even his cheerful touch could make the Medford people anything but dreary to us; the flat mediocrity of the provincial borough hangs cloudwise over them and all their ways. And this is not the worst of them: their snobbery is really petrifying.

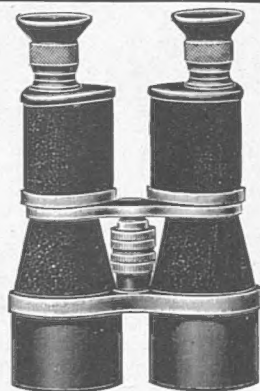
A number of pretentious asses live on Hill Rise, the aristocratic suburban eminence, and their daughters blackball Miss Crunden, a well-to-do builder's daughter, when she puts up for election to their tennis-club. One would expect Crunden, the solid, sensible man, to shrug his shoulders and point out to the good Lizzie that the loss was certainly not hers. He is not so level-headed: he buys up the hill in revenge, and turns it into a building estate, and comes to the brink of bankruptcy. He brings the great Sir John Vincent, the autocrat of the Hill, down with a crash; and the Hill Rise young ladies, scattered and disunited, marry into the middle-class. Sir John's son, Jack, had been on the way to become a ne'er-do-well, for the exalted circle in which he was born looked dispassionately upon individual merit. In adversity he pulls himself together, takes a clerkship under Crunden, and marries his daughter. He inherits money, and pulls his father-in-law out of financial disaster by investing it in the building estate. Mr. Maxwell's object in writing this book is not clear to us. It looks as if it were meant to have a moral, but it is not easy to discover it, unless it is the plain fact that snobbery is the devil, especially in provincial towns.

The lady who has annexed the Balkan provinces of Turkey as her literary kingdom will find recent events in Constantinople rather a stumbling-block if, as the last page of "The Heritage" seems to suggest, she intends to carry the adventures of the Tefany family into another novel. In "The Heir" Maurice Tefany, otherwise Theophanis, occupied many thrilling situations when he ventured south-east of Vienna. In "The Heritage" he is married to the Princess Eirene, whose ambitions are whetted by the birth of her son. Colonel Wylie and Zoe Tefany, and Armitage the artist—now Lord Armitage, with a steam-yacht at his call—arrive in Bashi Konak opportunely for this lively lady's purpose, and before they have time to draw breath they are committed to an expedition for the help of the insurgents in Emathia, where the "Roumis," watched by the Powers, have a revolution on their hands. Sydney Grier does well to lay the burden of their folly on the Princess Eirene's shoulders, for it is its only chance of credibility. Maurice and the rival claimant to the Emathian purple, Prince Romanos Christodori, fight side by side, and Zoe and Wylie escape massacre by a hair's breadth, and, in their mutual danger, make a match of it. It is an exciting story, and it is written with an admirable and scholarly restraint.

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